



No. 74 **SHINING KNIGHT!**



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GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

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HURRICANE WEATHER

By Howard Pease

When Stan Ridley and his friend Tod Moran headed their schooner, Wind-rider, out of the harbor at Tahiti, they could not guess what strange and dangerous adventures they were to meet.

Headed for the coral islands of the Paumotu in the South Seas, they knew, of course, that dangerous navigation lay ahead.

Escape from a terrifying water-spout that rose in their path, fighting a great, devastating hurricane, encounters with the deadly octopus and the still more threatening shark, death-dealing cuts from the poisonous coral—all these they had known might happen in these treacherous waters, and these they knew how to deal with.

But what was the mysterious mission that drove their strange doctor-skipper to attempt a landing on the dreaded island of Takatoa, which natives called "Island of the Wind that Kills?"

Tod and Stan were to find out too late.

It was hard to know friend from foe among the sinister natives and still more sinister white men who held them prisoner on their own boat.

It took quick thinking and plenty of courage to turn the tables on the escaped French convict who had taken possession of their schooner, but Tod and Stan, with the help of a faithful native, proved equal to the task.

This book is full of the excitement of hard sailing in the South Seas.

If you like sea stories, ask for HURRICANE WEATHER, by Howard Pease, at your neighborhood library.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

CX TNNY 'NV OUHRWP, TNNY 'NV KDHRWP-
BCJVB JWM KXWMB!

★ STARMAN

by JACK BURNLEY

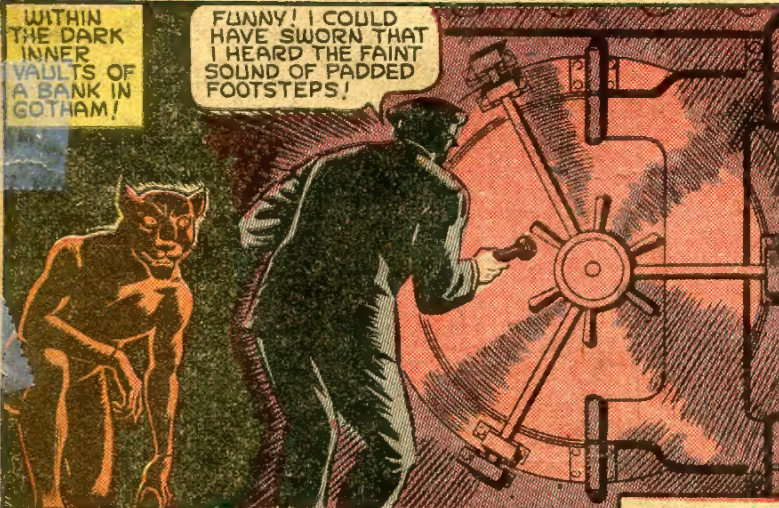


THE CASE
OF THE
MONSTROUS
ANIMAL-MEN

ON A DARK AND
EERIE NIGHT, A
WATCHMAN SEES
A MAN WITH A
PANTHER'S HEAD!
IS THE WORLD OVER-
RUN BY ANIMALS WITH
HUMAN BRAINS? ONLY
THE MIGHTY **STARMAN**
CAN COMBAT THESE
CREATURES OF NIGHTMARE!

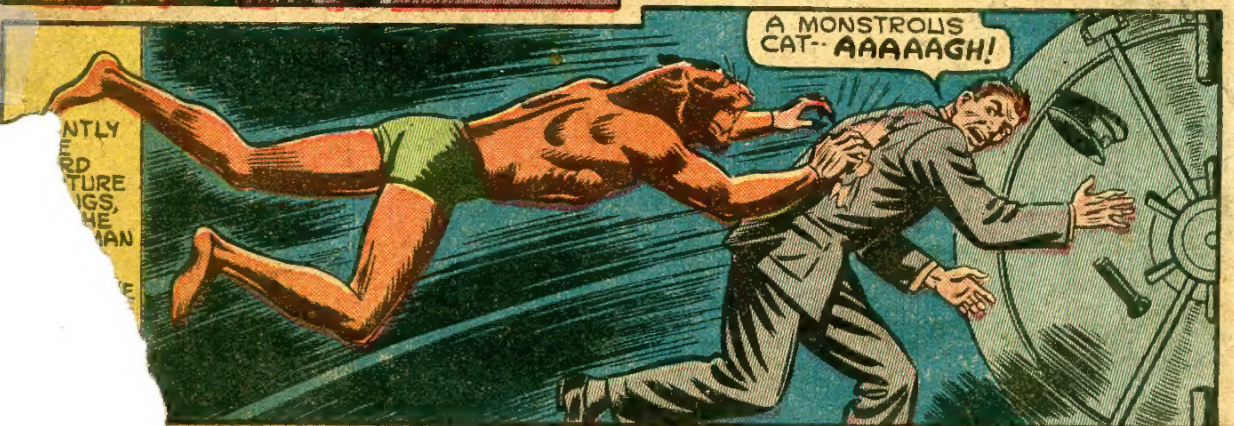
WITHIN
THE DARK
INNER
VAULTS OF
A BANK IN
GOTHAM!

FUNNY! I COULD
HAVE SWORN THAT
I HEARD THE FAINT
SOUND OF PADDED
FOOTSTEPS!



CRUEL
EYES
GLEAM
IN THE
SHADOWS
AS THE GUARD
APPROACHES--

A MONSTROUS
CAT-- AAAAAGH!



NTLY
RD
TURE
IGGS,
HE
MAN
E

NEXT MORNING, WOODLEY ALLEN OF THE F.B.I. IS CALLED IN TO INVESTIGATE THE STRANGE CRIME!

THIS GUARD APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN KILLED BY A BIG CAT-- ABOUT THE SIZE OF A PANTHER!

BUT, CHIEF-- HOW COULD A PANTHER GET IN THE FEDERAL RESERVE VAULTS?

--AND YET--THE BANK WAS ROBBED! CAN THERE BE SUCH A THING AS A PANTHER WITH HUMAN INTELLIGENCE? I'VE GOT TO CALL STARMAN IN TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY!

THE F.B.I. LABORATORY SCIENTISTS CONFIRM ALLEN'S THEORY--

YOU SAY THE HAIRS AND MARKS ON THE BODY PROVE THAT A PANTHER KILLED HIM?

WITHOUT A DOUBT, SIR!

FIFTY MILES AWAY AT CARL CAREY'S FAMOUS RESEARCH CLINIC, IN THE HEART OF A REMOTE SUBURB, A MAN WITH THE HEAD OF A PANTHER SITS UNDER A HUGE LAMP!

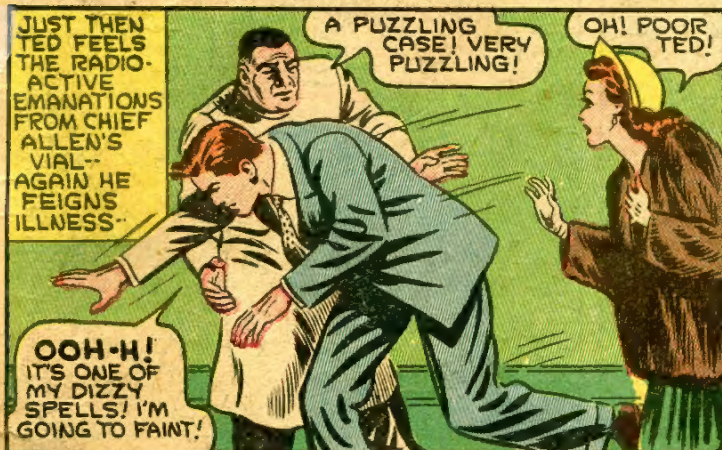
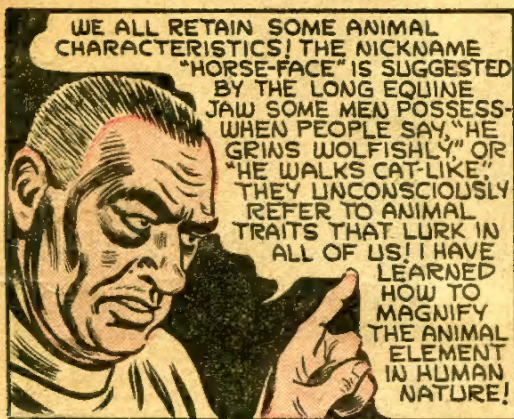
YOU GOT THE MONEY, KLAU, BUT WHY DID YOU KILL?

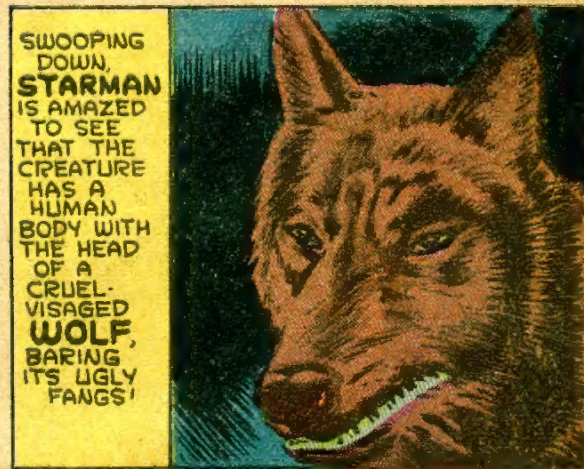
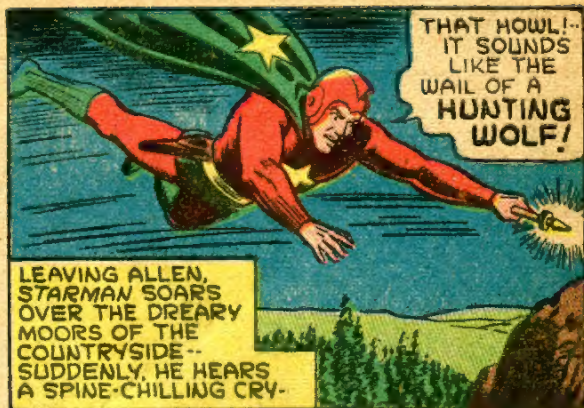
IT WAS A SUDDEN IMPULSE--I-- I COULDN'T HELP IT!

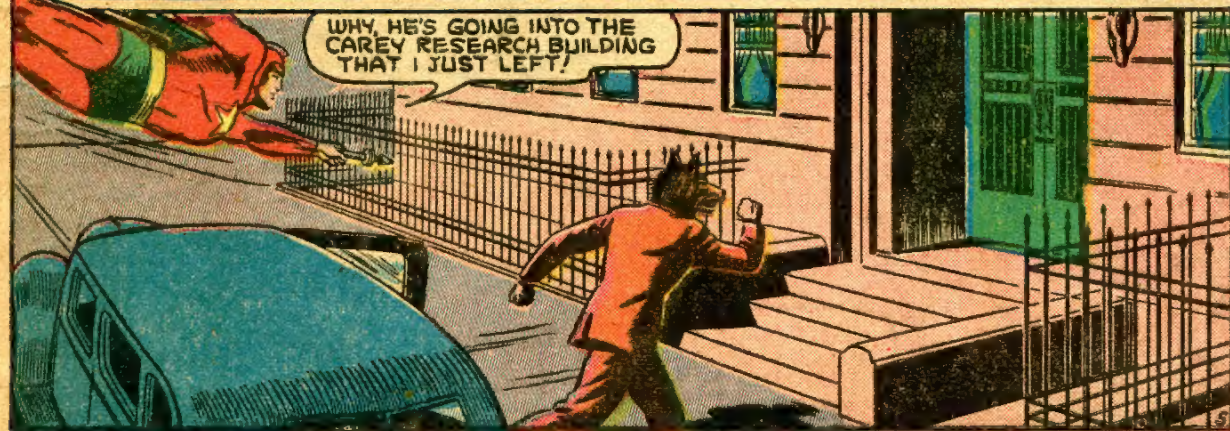
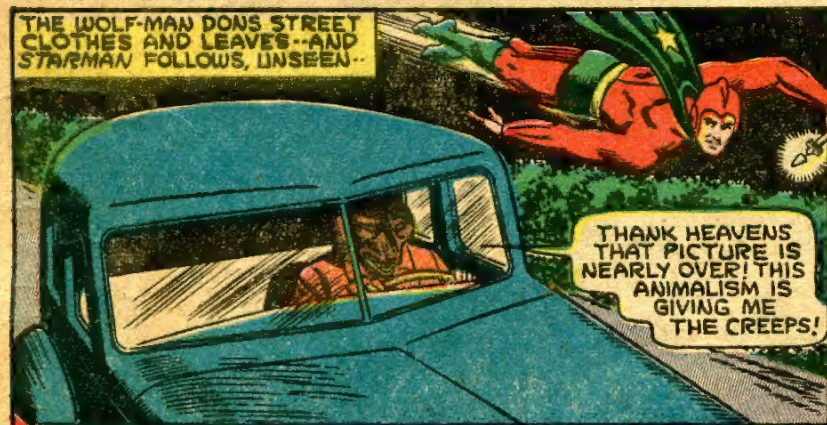
A POOR EXCUSE! THE PUBLIC FORGETS ROBBERY EASILY-- BUT, MURDER STICKS IN THEIR MINDS! I WISH NO UNNECESSARY RISKS! NOW I WILL TURN ON THE ELECTRONIC RAY AND RESTORE YOUR HUMAN FACE!

IVAN CAROFF PRESSES A BUTTON AND KLAU'S CAT-FACE CHANGES BACK TO HUMAN FORM!

Y-YES, IVAN!







THE MAN OF NIGHT WATCHES FROM A NEARBY ROOF!

IVAN CAROFF!

HE MUST BE
THE MAN
BEHIND
THIS!



I CAN'T SEE THEM NOW--
THEY ENTERED ANOTHER
LABORATORY ROOM--NOW
THEY'RE COMING OUT--SAY!
THE WOLFMAN HAS CHANGED
BACK INTO A NORMAL
HUMAN BEING!



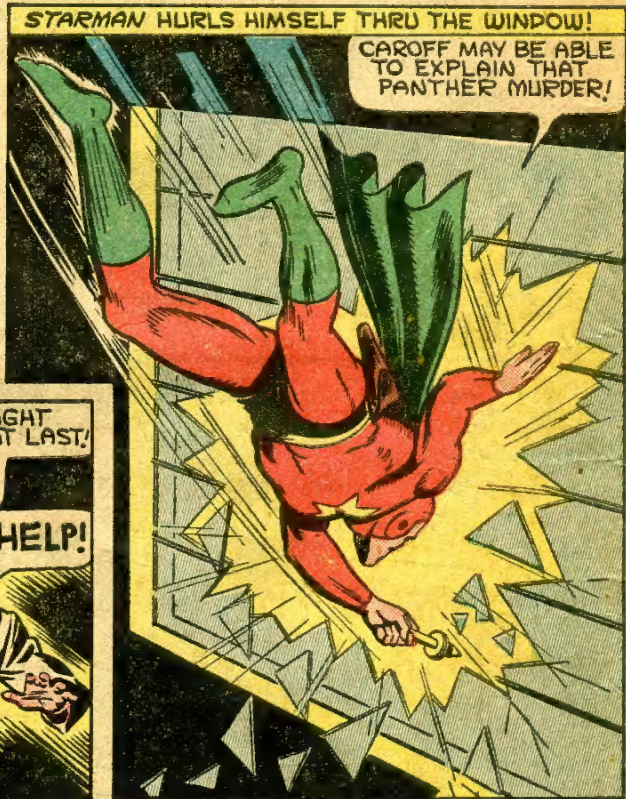
WHEN FIRST I READ OF YOUR
RESEARCHES ALONG ANIMAL
LINES, I NEVER THOUGHT YOU
COULD HELP ME--BUT NOW
I'M GLAD I LOOKED YOU
UP!

YOU
MUST
KEEP
THIS A
SECRET,
PAUL!



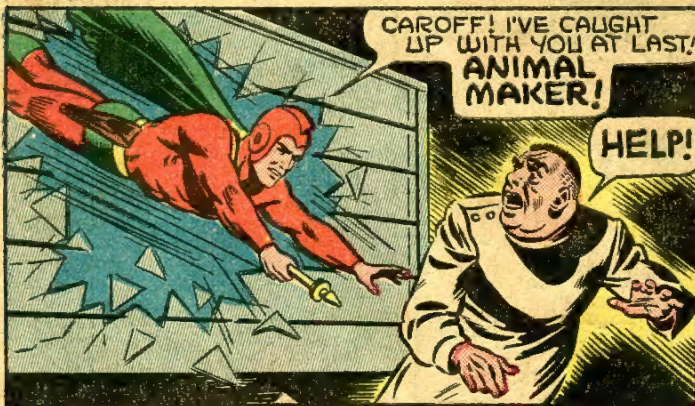
STARMAN HURLS HIMSELF THRU THE WINDOW!

CAROFF MAY BE ABLE
TO EXPLAIN THAT
PANTHER MURDER!



CAROFF! I'VE CAUGHT
UP WITH YOU AT LAST!
**ANIMAL
MAKER!**

HELP!



I'LL MAKE YOU TALK!

A DANGEROUS
LUNATIC!

GET HIM!

**GUARDS!
A MADMAN
IS LOOSE!**



OOF!

HERE'S HOW
I BLOCKED
'EM OFF IN MY
FOOTBALL DAYS!





THINK I'M CRAZY, EH?
WELL, I'M A
TOUGH NUT
TO CRACK!

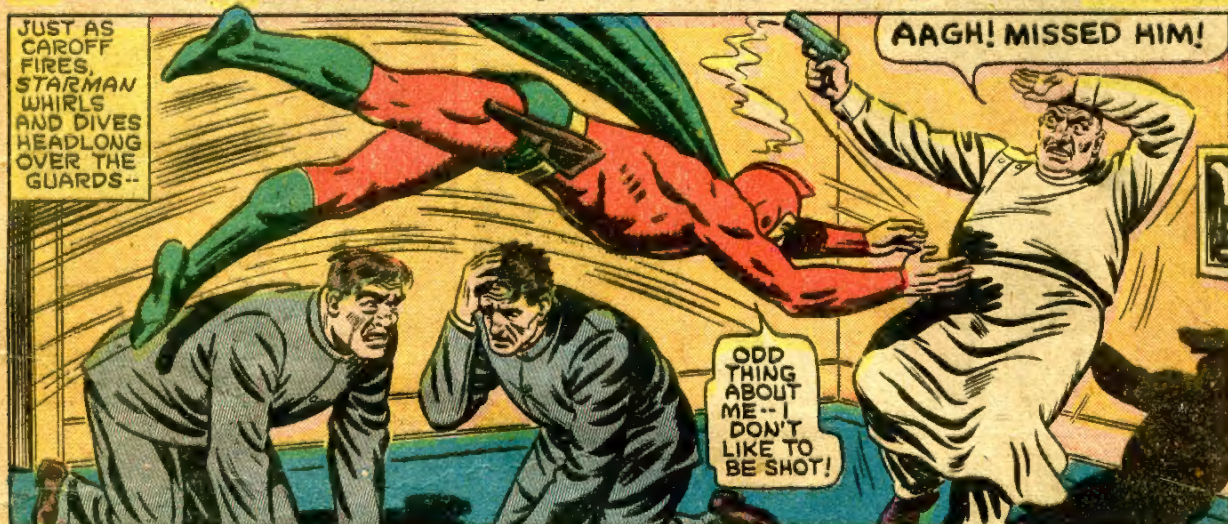
AWK

YOW!
HE'S A
FIGHTIN'
FOOL!



WHILE STARMAN
BATTERS THE GUARDS,
CAROFF STEALTHILY
REACHES FOR A GUN--

HIS BACK IS TURNED
--NOW'S MY CHANCE
TO PLUG
HIM!



JUST AS CAROFF
FIRES,
STARMAN
WHIRLS
AND DIVES
HEADLONG
OVER THE
GUARDS--

AAGH! MISSED HIM!

ODD
THING
ABOUT
ME--I
DON'T
LIKE TO
BE SHOT!

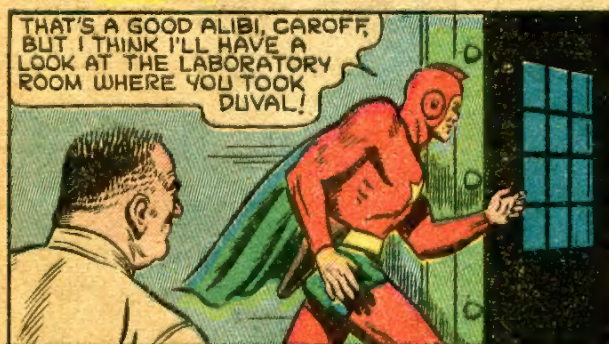


NOW--TELL ME HOW YOU
CHANGED THAT ACTOR INTO
A WOLF!

OW-W!
LET ME
GO AND
I'LL
EXPLAIN
EVERY-
THING!



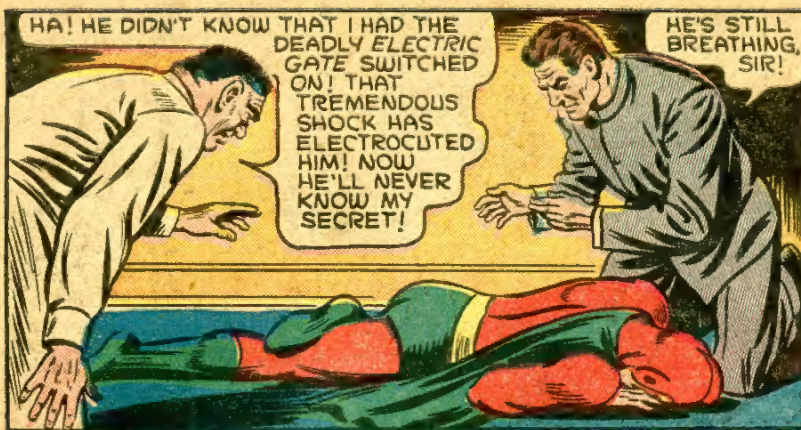
MY FRIEND, PAUL DUVAL, WANTED TO PLAY THE
PART OF A WEREWOLF IN A PICTURE, SO I
MADE HIM THIS MASK! HE COULDN'T TAKE
OFF THE MASK HIMSELF BECAUSE I
USE A SPECIAL SECRET
PREPARATION TO
KEEP IT ON--ONLY
I CAN REMOVE
IT!



THAT'S A GOOD ALIBI, CAROFF,
BUT I THINK I'LL HAVE A
LOOK AT THE LABORATORY
ROOM WHERE YOU TOOK
DUVAL!



BUT AS
THE MAN
OF NIGHT
STARTS TO
ENTER THE
RAY ROOM,
JETS OF
ELECTRICITY
SPURT
FROM A
"MAGIC EYE"
APPARATUS
IN THE
DOORWAY--

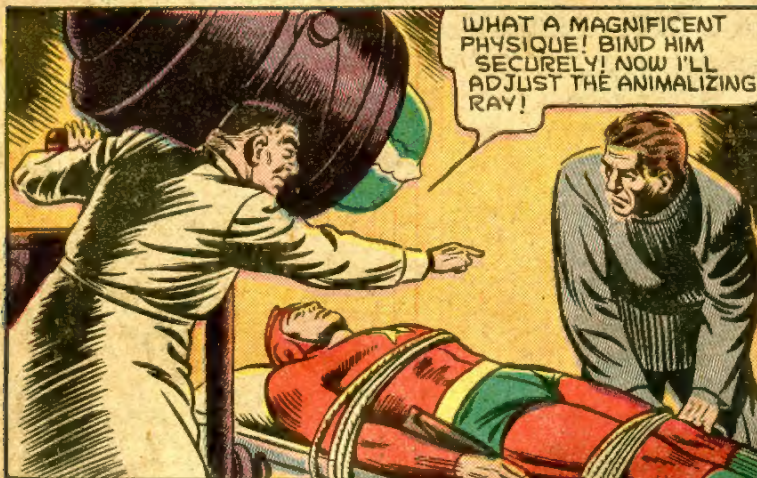


HA! HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT I HAD THE DEADLY ELECTRIC GATE SWITCHED ON! THAT TREMENDOUS SHOCK HAS ELECTROCUTED HIM! NOW HE'LL NEVER KNOW MY SECRET!

HE'S STILL BREATHING, SIR!



STILL ALIVE? GOOD! BEFORE I FINISH HIM, I'LL PUT HIM UNDER THE ANIMALIZER-- IT WILL BE INTERESTING TO SEE JUST WHAT ANIMAL HE RESEMBLES!



WHAT A MAGNIFICENT PHYSIQUE! BIND HIM SECURELY! NOW I'LL ADJUST THE ANIMALIZING RAY!



HE'S REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS-- HE'S CHANGING INTO--
YEEOW!

THERE IS A CRACKLE AND A HISS OF HIDDEN FLAME! GLOWING NEBULAE OF LIGHT SURROUND STARMAN, WHOSE HEAD HAS CHANGED INTO THAT OF A LION! WITH A ROAR, HE BURSTS HIS BONDS!



CAROFF! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!



BURLY ATTENDANTS FLING THEMSELVES ON THE LEONINE STARMAN!

HELP! DON'T LET HIM GET ME!



HE BANGS THE KEEPERS' HEADS TOGETHER!

YOU'VE PUT BOTH YOUR HEADS INTO THE LION'S MOUTH!

OW! HE'S GOT THE STRENGTH OF A LION!

THE LION-HEADED STARMAN LIFTS CAROFF ALOFT--BUT--

STOP! YOU
DON'T
DARE TO
HARM
ME! I'M
THE ONLY
MAN WHO
IS ABLE
TO RESTORE
YOUR HUMAN
FEATURES!

I HADN'T
THOUGHT OF
THAT! I DON'T
WANT TO GO
THROUGH LIFE
WITH A LION'S
HEAD!



HA! SO YOU REALIZE
THAT YOU ARE IN
MY POWER! THE
POLICE KNOW
THAT A GIANT
CAT WITH HUMAN
INTELLIGENCE
KILLED THE BANK
WATCHMAN! I CAN
PIN THE GUILT ON
YOU--
A LION-
MAN!

(HE'S
RIGHT--
I'VE GOT TO
GET RID OF
THIS LION'S
HEAD--BUT
HOW?)



ONE CHANCE--THAT THE
EMANATIONS OF STELLAR POWER
FROM THE GRAVITY ROD ARE
STRONG ENOUGH
TO COUNTERACT
THE EFFECTS
OF KAROFF'S
RAY!

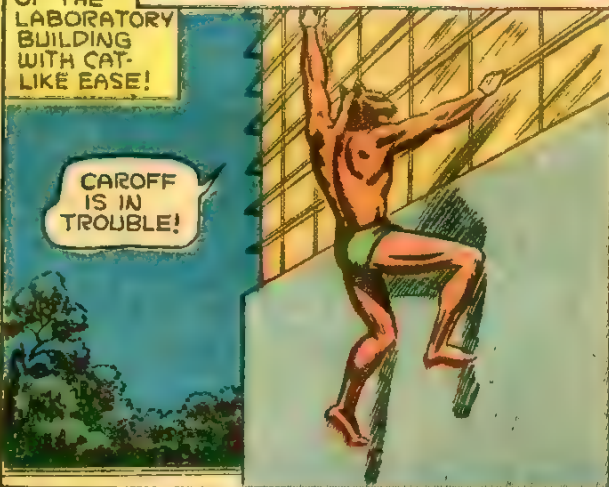


IT WORKED! NOW,
CAROFF, YOUR HOLD
OVER ME IS
BROKEN!



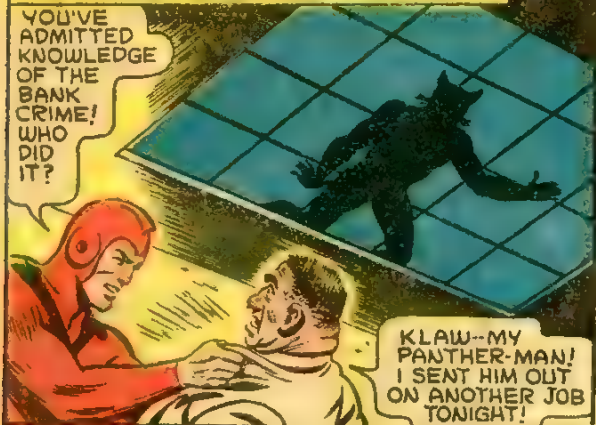
IN THE
GLOW
OF THE
ROD,
THE
LION'S
HEAD MERGES
INTO STARMAN'S
NORMAL FEATURES--

WHILE
OUTSIDE,
WEIRD
FIGURE
SCALES
THE SIDE
OF THE
LABORATORY
BUILDING
WITH CAT-
LIKE EASE!

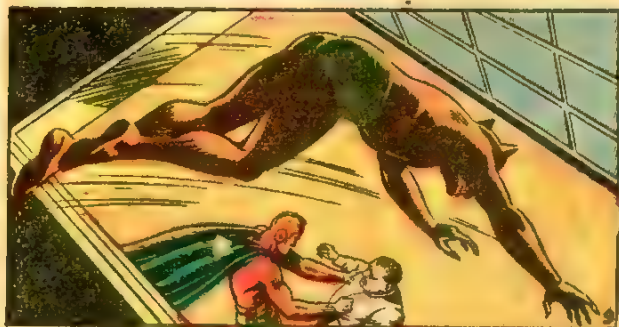


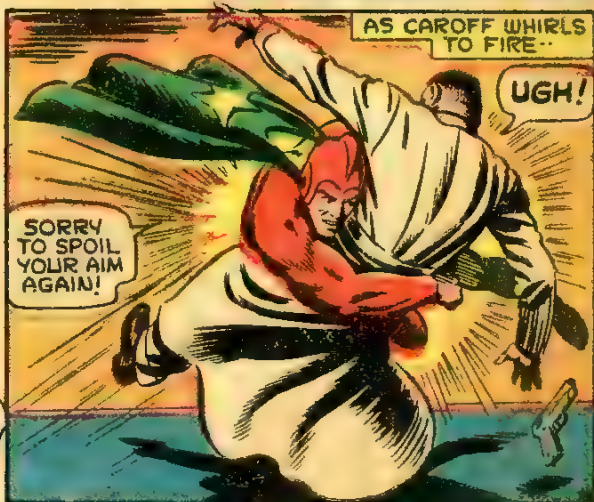
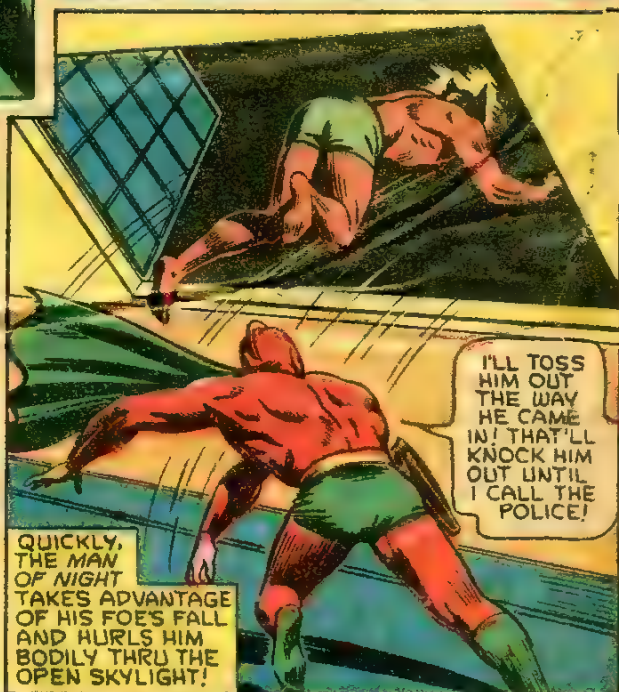
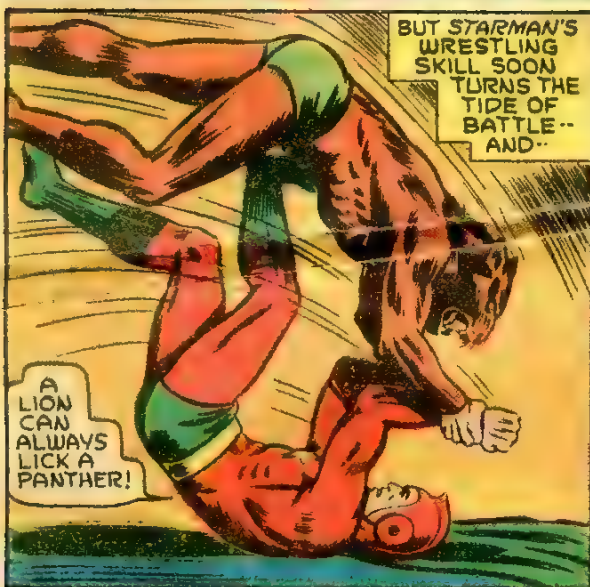
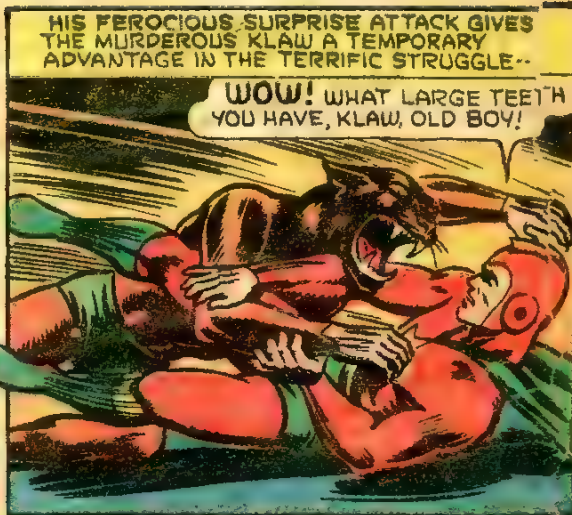
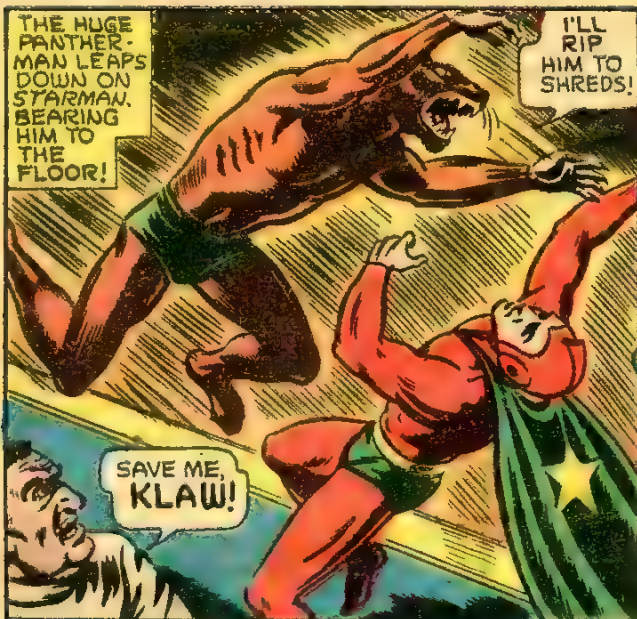
THE FIGURE PEERS DOWN A SKYLIGHT--

YOU'VE
ADMITTED
KNOWLEDGE
OF THE
BANK
CRIME!
WHO
DID
IT?



KLAW--MY
PANTHER-MAN!
I SENT HIM OUT
ON ANOTHER JOB
TONIGHT!





HE PICKS UP THE DAZED CAROFF AND TOSSES HIM HIGH IN THE AIR--JUST THEN, DR. CAREY DASHES IN!



--AND NOW TO--



STOP! DON'T HARM HIM PLEASE!



DO YOU REALIZE THAT THIS FIEND IS A THIEF AND MURDERER?



I KNOW-- BUT-- HE IS--MY SON!



STILL GROGGY, CAROFF TEARS LOOSE AND LUNGES FOR THE DOOR--



HE'LL TRIP OVER THAT WIRE!



AAAGH! FELL AGAINST THE LAMP SWITCH! THE POWER-- TOO MUCH-- IT'LL KILL ME!



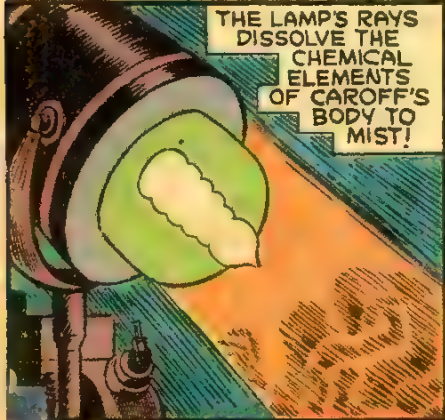
LOOK! HE'S CHANGED INTO-- A HOG!



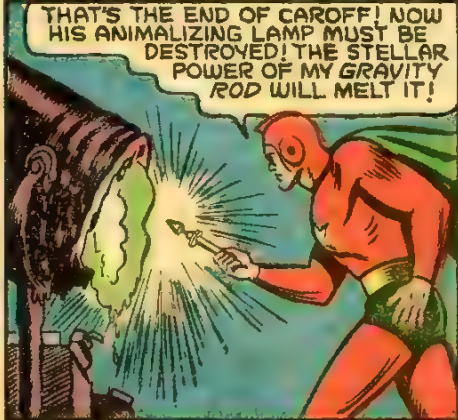
HIS GREED FOR MONEY! HIS SOUL WAS THAT OF A PIG!



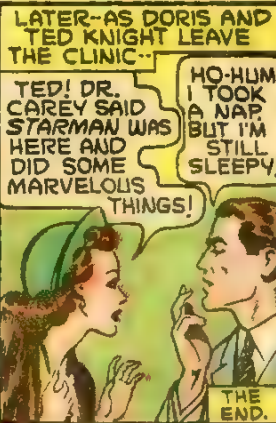
THE LAMP'S RAYS DISSOLVE THE CHEMICAL ELEMENTS OF CAROFF'S BODY TO MIST!



THAT'S THE END OF CAROFF! NOW HIS ANIMALIZING LAMP MUST BE DESTROYED! THE STELLAR POWER OF MY GRAVITY ROD WILL MELT IT!



LATER--AS DORIS AND TED KNIGHT LEAVE THE CLINIC--



TED! DR. CAREY SAID STARMAN WAS HERE AND DID SOME MARVELOUS THINGS!

HO-HUM! I TOOK A NAP BUT I'M STILL SLEEPY!



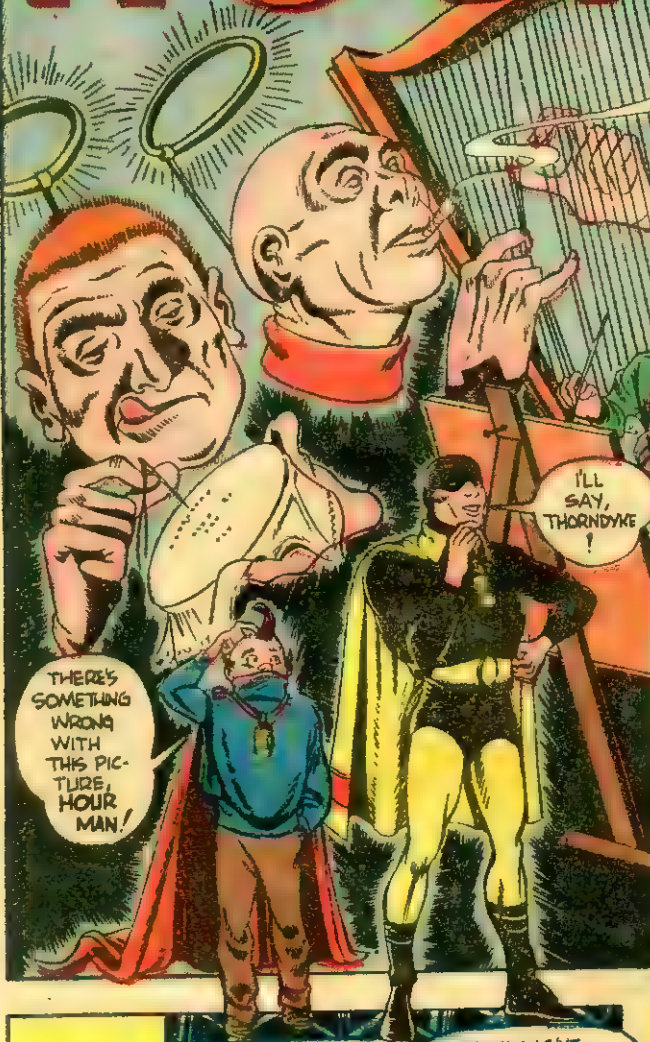
THE END.

HOURLMAN

by
BERNARD
BAILY

WHEN THE UNDERWORLD CREEPS OUT OF ITS HIDDEN HAUNTS TO INVADE THE HALLS OF LEARNING... WHEN CRIMINALS CRASH LIBRARIES... WHEN THUGS VISIT MUSEUMS IN THE QUEST FOR CULTURE ONLY TO LEAVE BEHIND A MYSTERIOUS TRAIL OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION... THE **HOURLMAN**, SIXTY-MINUTE SOLDIER OF JUSTICE, STRIKES --- AND SOLVES THE --

'CASE OF THE Highbrow Hoods'!



THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE, HOUR MAN!

I'LL SAY, THORNDYKE!

LINCOLN LIBRARY--CULTURAL CENTER OF THE CITY-- WHERE SCHOLARS GATHER FOR STUDY...

HOW IS YOUR WORK PROGRESSING, PROFESSOR SMYTHE?

SPLENDIDLY, JENKINS! TODAY, I BEGIN MY STUDY OF THE CHALDEAN TABLES!

JENKINS, PLEASE SEND THE GUARD UP WITH THE SHAKESPEARE FOLIO! I'LL BE AT MY DESK!

RARE FIRST EDITIONS FAIL TO HOLD THE INTEREST OF THE CROOKS, FOR PRESENTLY THEY LEAVE...

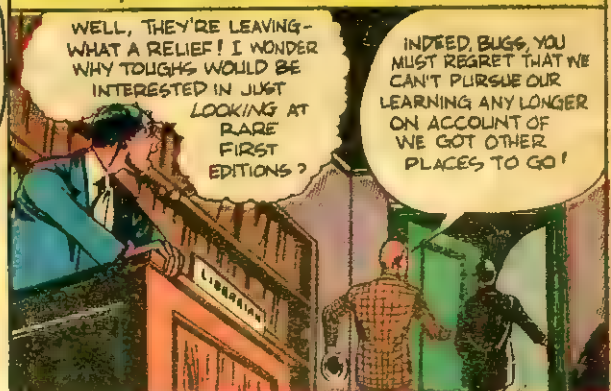
WELL, THEY'RE LEAVING-- WHAT A RELIEF! I WONDER WHY TOUGHS WOULD BE INTERESTED IN JUST LOOKING AT RARE FIRST EDITIONS?

INDEED, BUGS, YOU MUST REGRET THAT WE CAN'T PURSUE OUR LEARNING ANY LONGER ON ACCOUNT OF WE GOT OTHER PLACES TO GO!

ABRUPTLY, LIKE UNWELCOME SPECTRES AT A FEAST OF KNOWLEDGE, A COUPLE OF EX-CONVICTS ENTER THE READING ROOM...

GIMPTY, YOU WILL NEVER KNOW HOW HAPPY I AM TO TAKE A JAUNT THRU THESE HALLS OF LEARNING!

PERSONALLY, I'VE NEVER BEEN HAPPIER THAN WHEN IN THE COMPANY OF A GOOD BOOKIE--ER-- I MEAN, BOOK!



ONE HOUR LATER--LIKE A CHAIN OF LIGHTNING, A SERIES OF CRASHING CONCUSSIONS TEAR THE LIBRARY TREASURES APART...



THE BOOKS-- THEY'RE EXPLODING! A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF BOOKS DESTROYED!

OH-WH! HELP!

WHILE IN THEIR HIDEOUT, THE "HICKORY HOODS" APPLAUD THEIR CUNNING...



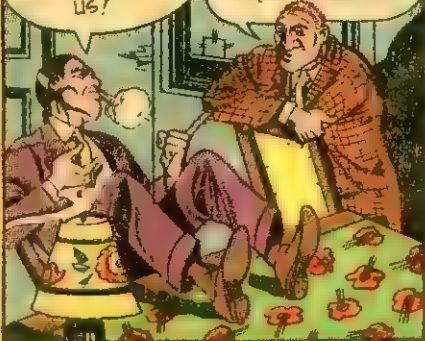
GEE, GIMPTY, WHAT A HAUL! I'M SURE GLAD WE WAS TIPPED OFF THAT RARE BOOKS WAS WORTH SO MUCH!

AND WHAT AN IDEA WE GOT! WE LIFT THE REAL STUFF -- WHEN NOBODY'S LOOKIN' AND LEAVE IMITATIONS! IN AN HOUR THEY BLOW UP AND WE GOT A PERFECT ALIBI! NOBODY KNOWS NOTHING WAS STOLEN!



IT'S A GOOD THING WE GOT THIS NEW EXPLOSIVE THAT GOES OFF IN AN HOUR! THEY CAN'T PIN NOTHIN' ON US!

OKAY-- DON'T FORGET TO BRING ALL THE IMITATION PRECIOUS STONES WE FIXED WITH EXPLOSIVES WHEN WE GO TO THE ENGINEERS' EXHIBIT!



NEXT MORNING, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ENGINEERS' LAVISH EXHIBIT...

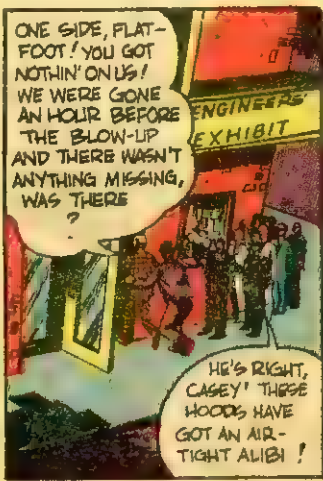


TWO TICKETS FOR ME AN' ME PAL, TOOTS!

JUST A MINUTE, YOU GUYS! YOU DON'T GET IN HERE UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHAT YOU HAD TO DO WITH THE EXPLOSION AT THE LIBRARY LAST NIGHT!

ONE SIDE, FLAT-FOOT! YOU GOT NOTHIN' ON US! WE WERE GONE AN HOUR BEFORE THE BLOW-UP AND THERE WASN'T ANYTHING MISSING, WAS THERE?

HE'S RIGHT, CASEY! THESE HOODS HAVE GOT AN AIR-TIGHT ALIBI!

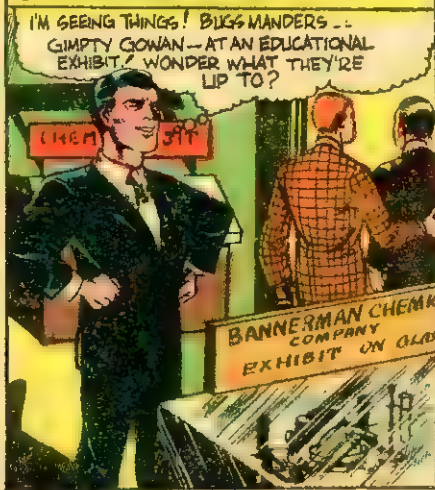


THIS IS NOT ONLY EDUCATIONAL, BUGS, BUT IT TEACHES US THINGS AS WELL!

GET READY FOR THE SWITCH, GUYS! WE'RE COMING TO THE SPARKLE STUFF!

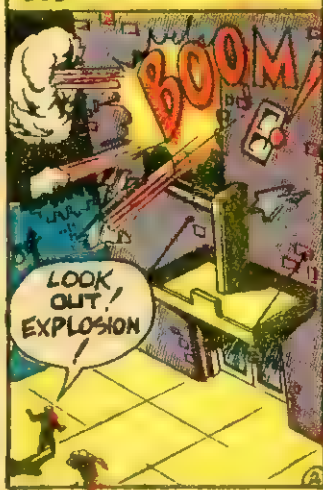


REX TYLER, SUPERVISING HIS COMPANY'S CHEMICAL EXHIBIT, WATCHES THE DEPARTURE OF THE "CULTURED CROOKS"...

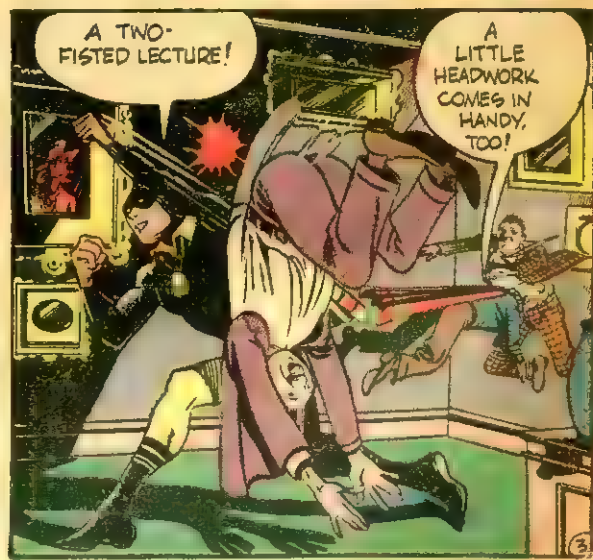
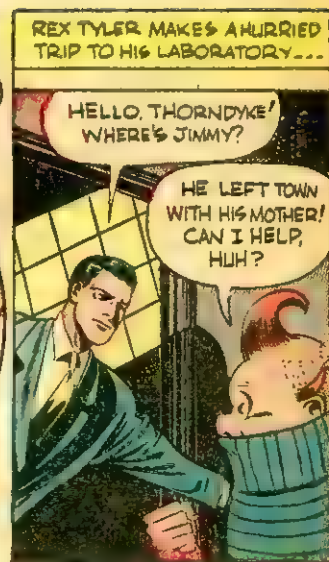


I'M SEEING THINGS! BUGS MANDERS -- GIMPTY GOWAN -- AT AN EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT! WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO?

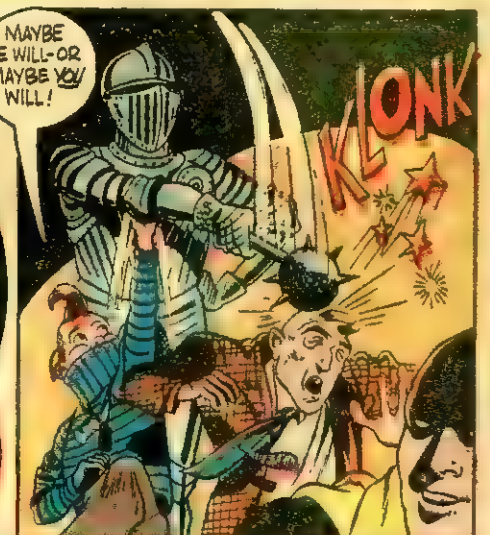
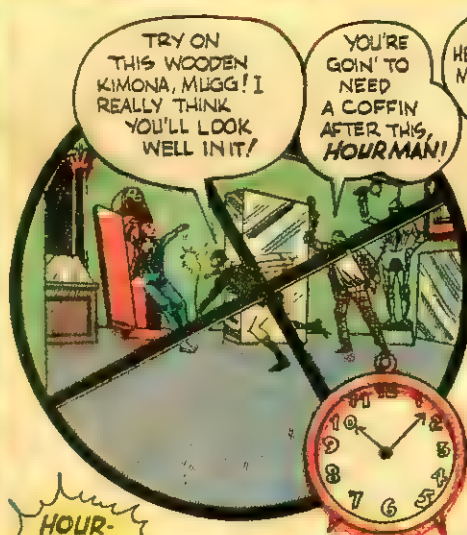
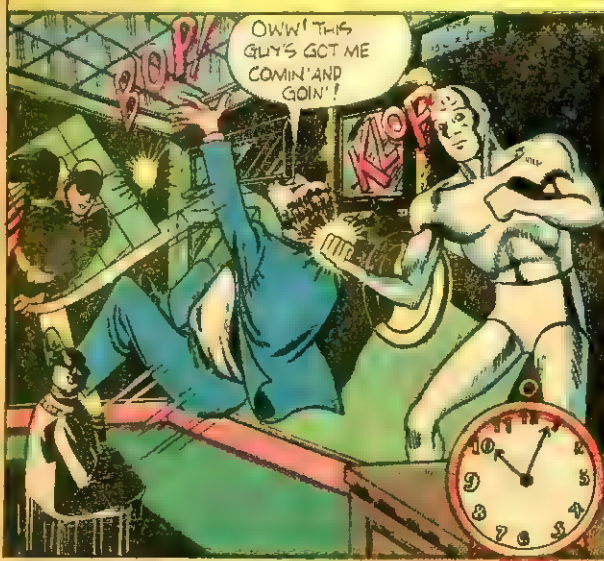
ONE HOUR LATER--LIKE RIPPING SHRAPNEL, A FLAMING EXPLOSION OCCURS...

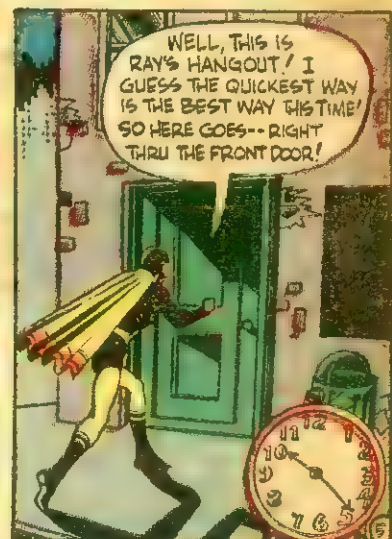
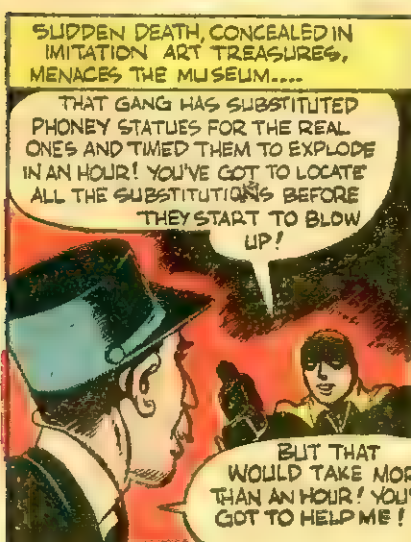
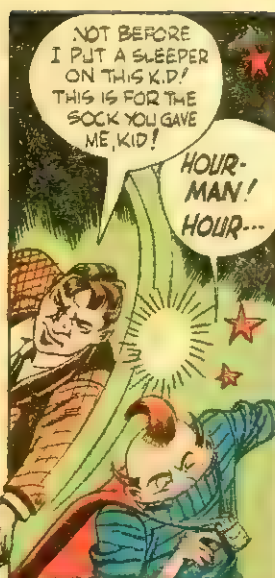
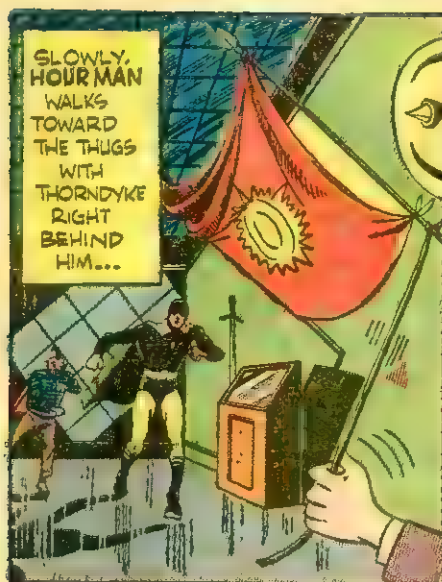


LOOK OUT! EXPLOSION!

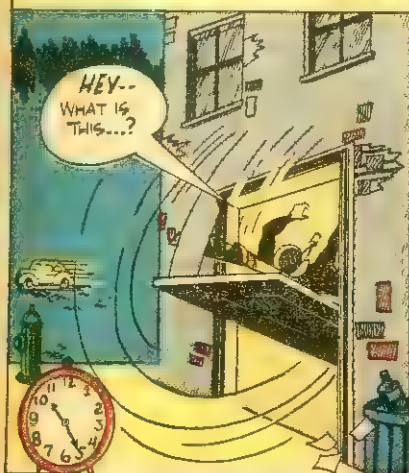


THE POWERHOUSE PAIR EXPLODE INTO RAZZLE-DAZZLE ACTION....





THE BARREST TOUCH ON THE KNOB-- A
GANT SPRING UNWINDS---AND THE
DOOR SPINGS ON INVIS BLE PIVOTS....



HEY--
WHAT IS
THIS...?

AS HOURMAN LANDS INSIDE....

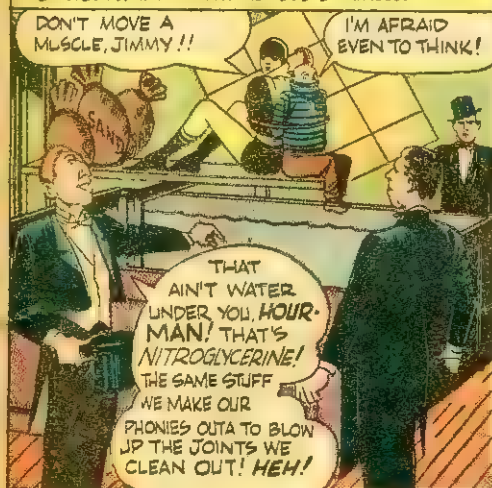


THAT EVENS
ME UP FOR
THAT SOCK
HE GAVE ME!

COME TO
JOIN
YOUR BOY
FRIEND.
HUH?

WELL, WE
GOT A NICE
ENTERTAINMENT
PARTY GOING--AND YOU'RE
GONNA BE THE ENTERTAINMENT!

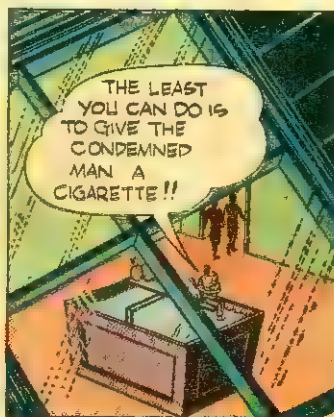
LATER..WHEN THE BLACK HAZE OF OBLIVION LIFTS
FROM HOURMAN'S PAIN-NUMBED BRAIN....



DON'T MOVE A
MUSCLE, JIMMY!!

I'M AFRAID
EVEN TO THINK!

THAT
AIN'T WATER
UNDER YOU, HOUR-
MAN! THAT'S
NITROGLYCERINE!
THE SAME STUFF
WE MAKE OUR
PHONIES OUTA TO BLOW
UP THE JOINTS WE
CLEAN OUT! HEH!

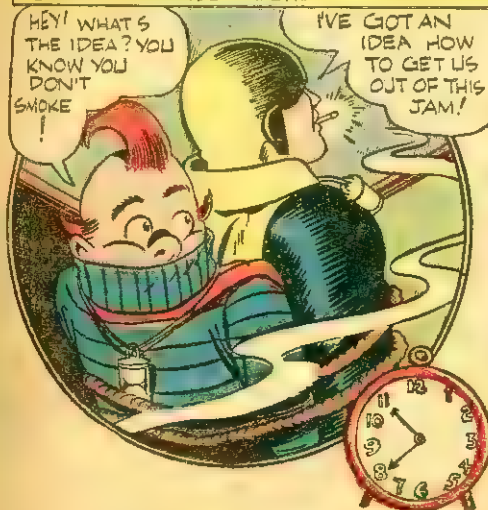


THE LEAST
YOU CAN DO IS
TO GIVE THE
CONDEMNED
MAN A
CIGARETTE!!



OKAY!! IF YOU WANT
TO BLOW YOURSELF
UP SOONER, GO AHEAD!!
I'M ON MY WAY OUT--TO THE
CIRCUS--HAPPY LANDINGS,
HOURMAN!

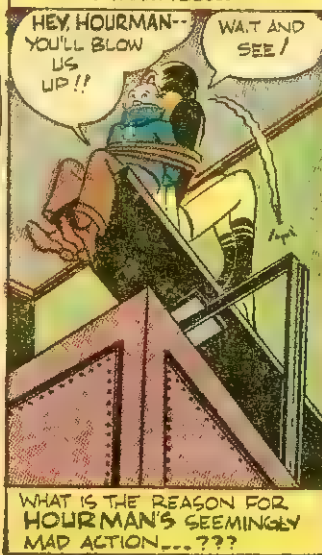
POISED ABOVE THE POOL OF DESTRU-
TION--HOURMAN PUFFS THE BRIGHT
EMBER TO A CRIMSON GLOW---



HEY! WHAT'S
THE IDEA? YOU
KNOW YOU
DON'T
SMOKE
!

I'VE GOT AN
IDEA HOW
TO GET US
OUT OF THIS
JAM!

THEN--LIKE A SHOOTING
STAR, HOURMAN DROPS
THE WHITE-HOT SPARK INTO
THE DEPTHS OF THE LIQUID
DYNAMITE....

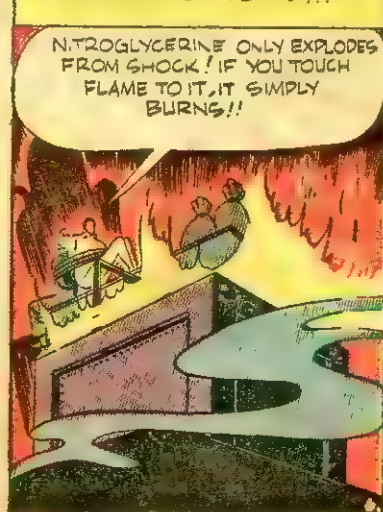


HEY, HOURMAN--
YOU'LL BLOW
US
UP!!

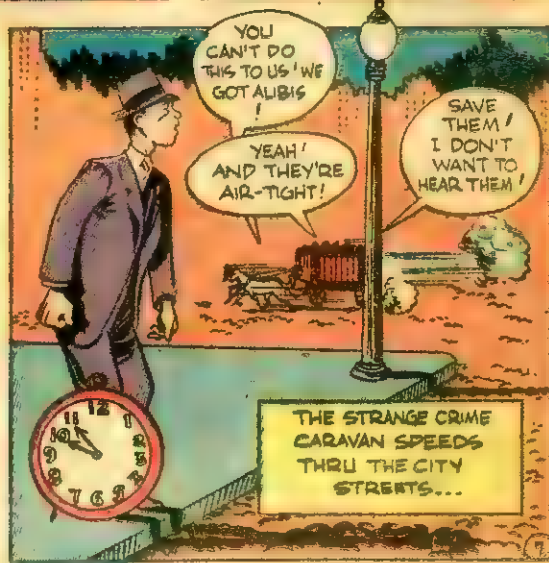
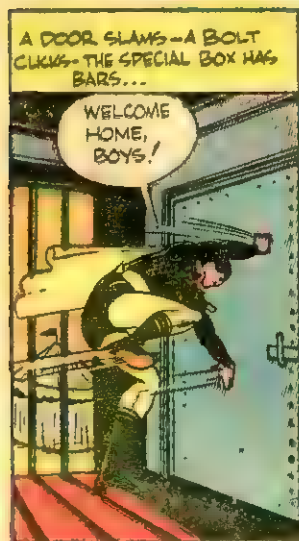
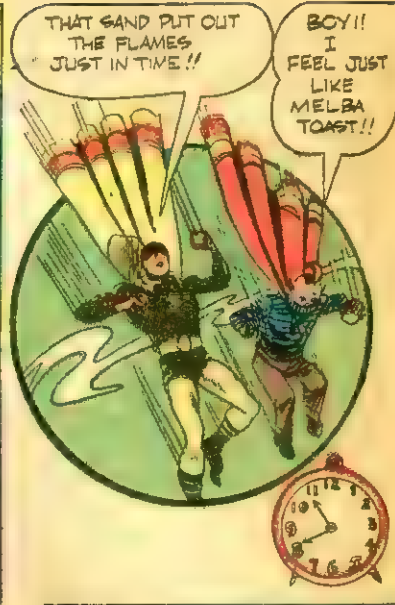
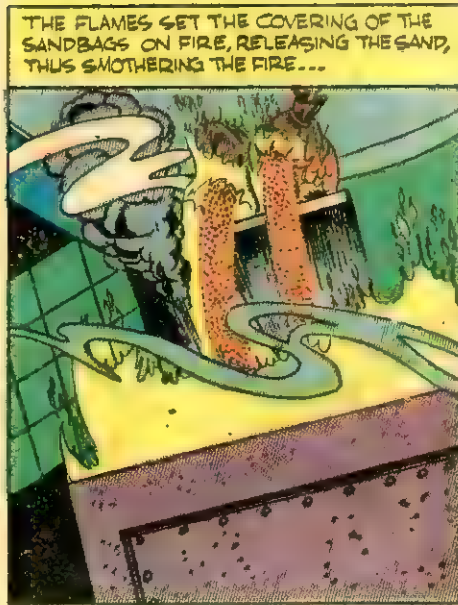
WAIT AND
SEE!

WHAT IS THE REASON FOR
HOURMAN'S SEEMINGLY
MAD ACTION...???

THE EMBER STRIKES--- WITH THE
HEAT OF LIQUID LAVA, THE EXPLOSIVE
THUNDERS INTO---FLAME!!!

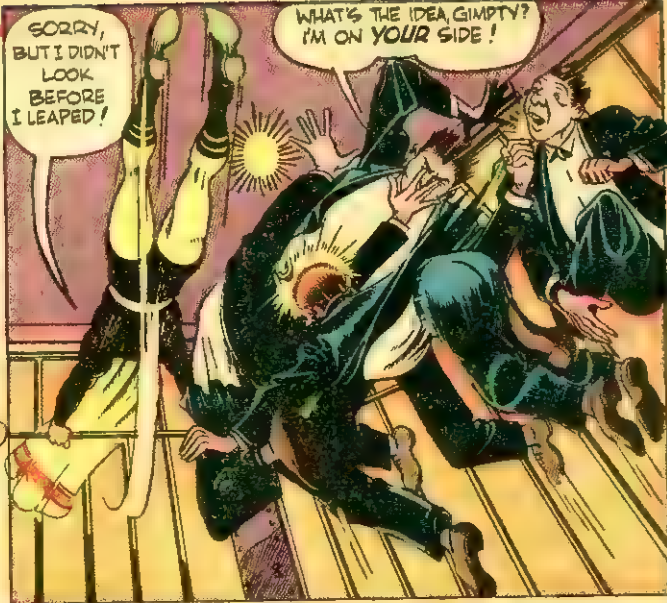


NITROGLYCERINE ONLY EXPLODES
FROM SHOCK! IF YOU TOUCH
FLAME TO IT, IT SIMPLY
BURNS!!



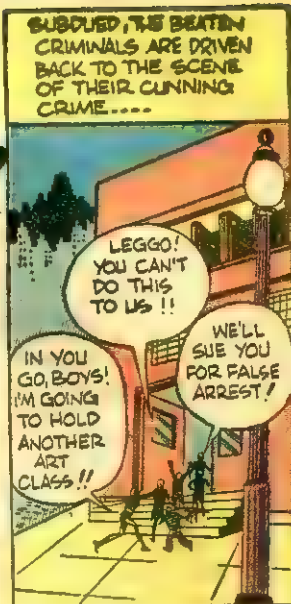


COME ON, GUYS !!!
WHAT ARE WE
WAITING FOR ?
LET'S GET
HIM !



SORRY,
BUT I DIDN'T
LOOK
BEFORE
I LEAPED !

WHAT'S THE IDEA, GIMPTV ?
I'M ON YOUR SIDE !



SUBDUED, THE BEATEN
CRIMINALS ARE DRIVEN
BACK TO THE SCENE
OF THEIR CUNNING
CRIME....

LEGGO!
YOU CAN'T
DO THIS
TO US !!

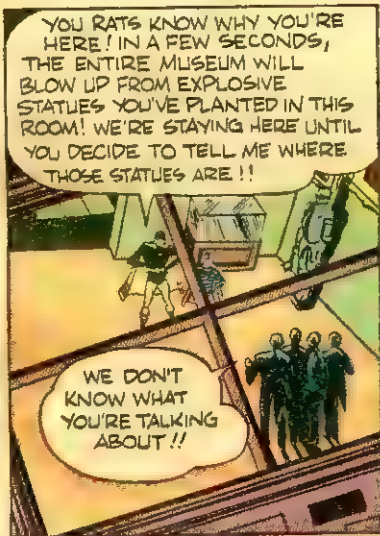
WE'LL
SUE YOU
FOR FALSE
ARREST !

ABRUPTLY- AT THE MOST
CRUCIAL MOMENT, THE
POTENT POWERS OF
MIRACLO IS EXHAUSTED
AND HOURMAN BECOMES
REX TYLER AGAIN....



WHAT'S
WRONG,
HOURMAN
?

THE
MIRACLO POWER
IS GONE, THORNDYKE!
I'LL JUST HAVE TO
BLUFF THIS OUT !



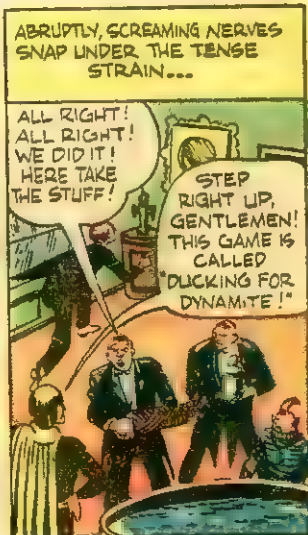
YOU RATS KNOW WHY YOU'RE
HERE ! IN A FEW SECONDS,
THE ENTIRE MUSEUM WILL
BLOW UP FROM EXPLOSIVE
STATUES YOU'VE PLANTED IN THIS
ROOM ! WE'RE STAYING HERE UNTIL
YOU DECIDE TO TELL ME WHERE
THOSE STATUES ARE !!

WE DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT !!



NOT MUCH TIME
LEFT, BOYS ! WE'LL
ALL BLOW UP IF YOU
DON'T CHANGE
YOUR
MINDS !

LISTEN,
HOURMAN ! CUT
THIS OUT, WILL
YOU ? IF THE PLACE
IS GONNA BLOW UP,
WE DON'T WANT TO BE
HERE !



ALL RIGHT !
ALL RIGHT !
WE DID IT !
HERE TAKE
THE STUFF !

STEP
RIGHT UP,
GENTLEMEN !
THIS GAME IS
CALLED
DUCKING FOR
DYNAMITE !



NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOUR
CONFESSION, YOU--ER--
GENTLEMEN HAVE MY PER-
MISSION TO LEAVE !!

GEE,
THANKS
!



BUT OUTSIDE THE DOOR WAITS A
GRIM COMPANY OF POLICE....

HEY ! WHAT'S
THIS ? I THOUGHT
WE WERE
GONNA GET OUT
OF HERE !

WELL, WELL !
GIMPTY GOWAN !
BUGS MANDERS !
IT WAS A TREAT
TO HEAR YOUR
CONFESSION ! GET
YOUR HANDS
UP !!



JUST
A
MINUTE
HOURMAN !
WE WANT
TO TALK
TO YOU !

SORRY, BOYS !
OUR JOB IS DONE !
IF YOU WANT
TO FIND ME --
LOOK FOR THE
NEXT CRIME ---
I'LL BE THERE
PUNCHING !
SO LONG !!

BERNARD
BAWLER

OLD THINKER

by Norman Goss

AROUND town they called him Old Hank Davis, but he knew it was because they all liked him. Not once, for all of his sixty-five years had he thought himself old. Gosh, a man is as young as he feels, even though he's been forty-five years with one company.

For fifteen years now, he had been the Tombstone agent for the Express Company. There had been trouble in his life, including skirmishes with Indians, and now, because of a wave of robberies, Clem Trayne, the Division Manager, had decided to move Hank back into the offices.

"It's for your own good," he had said, "as well as our's, Hank. We're convinced this is an organized gang of desperadoes, and they won't stop at killing, as you know. If we have to hire the best gunfighters in the country to protect our interests,—we're going to do it."

Hank's anger rose as he reviewed the District Manager's speech. After this week ended, they'd bring in a young fellow, a gunfighter from the Panhandle. It was the only way, Clem had said, to stop the robberies. "We need young blood, fast on the trigger." The words rankled in Hank's breast.

Young blood! What was the matter with Clem? Why, didn't he and the rest of the big-wigs see that it wasn't trigger work that was needed? It was brainwork. Just look at the way those robberies had been carried out.

The gang knew just when a company safe held a shipment of money. They always arrived masked, and when they left they shot out the lamp, so that the agent couldn't see the direction they took. Why, the company didn't even know how

many men were in the gang; each agent's story varied. Sometimes an agent said two men pulled the job; another said three; but all of them said they were sure more men were keeping guard outside.

Old Hank wasn't so sure of this. It reminded him of an old Indian trick. When a few Indians raided, they used to keep a scout posted outside the place with a lot of horses, so that it would sound like many took part in the raid. This usually discouraged a small posse from following. They didn't want to be ambushed by superior numbers.

Indians were smart hombres, and the only way they had been beaten was by superior thinking. They weren't afraid of cowboy posses, but show them a uniformed cavalry, with the bugler blowing charge, and they were panic-stricken.

Old Hank sighed, brought out from his battered desk the weekly newspaper clippings he had saved. They were all accounts of the robberies, and in every case the thieves had made their escape in darkness. They had been so sure of escape they hadn't bothered tying up the agent after he'd opened the safe. Yes, Clem was right about one thing: they sure were organized.

Hank replaced the clippings and picked up the ledger in which he kept the day's total of cash transactions. He wriggled uncomfortably, chafing under the new gun belt and gun each agent had been given by the company. That was another thing he had protested about. These new-fangled thirty-eights were too light for a man who had used a heavy forty-four all

his life. But company regulations had been that he wear it.

Grumbling, Hank lifted a bill-of-lading from a tray atop the desk and looked at the notched gun he had placed there. It seemed strange, seeing Bessie out of her holster. Hank patted the gun affectionately and set to work totaling the ledger. He kept moving his head to the side to keep from casting a shadow on the page. He'd be glad when he could fix the lantern which swung overhead, close to the door. Its rays reflected brightly in the dark-bordered mirror purchased only a few days ago from Bingham's General Store.

Thinking of this now, Hank smiled. Bingham had thought him loco, buying that museum piece. He had let it go for almost nothing. Hank glanced at the mirror, sighed as he returned to the figures. He guessed he'd have to take it with him. Unless something happened to keep him here, there'd be a younger man in the place night after next.

A breeze caressed Hank's neck as he toiled over the ledger. He looked up to see a tall, dark-bearded man come in the door. The man said good-evening and presented a pay-on-demand slip. Hank looked at it, noted that the amount was one hundred dollars and that it had been drawn up in Phoenix.

"I'll have to open the safe," he said, apologetically. "We don't usually get these this late and I locked up for the night."

The man's voice was pleasant. "Sorry to trouble you," he said, "but I'm heading out of town tonight and I'll need the money to buy supplies on the way."

"No trouble at all." Hank busied himself with the combination. The tumblers clicked. He tugged at the heavy steel doors, opened them and reached inside for the money. As he did so he felt, once again, a breeze

from outside. Someone else had come in.

Hank felt his heart skip a beat as he heard the newcomer's words.

"Just reach for the sky, Pop, and there'll be no trouble!"

The speaker was short and stocky, a red bandana masking the lower portions of his face. His gun was pointed straight at Hank, who allowed his eyes to open wide with astonishment. The tall man was smiling at him.

Hank gasped. "You—you," he stammered, "you're in on this hold-up, too?"

"Sure, Pop." The tall man's lips compressed into a thin smile. "Just a little idea of mine to save time. Sometimes you agents get stubborn when you're told to open a safe quick-like. This way it gets open fast." He brought out a gun from beneath his coat. "Now you just turn around and move backwards pronto."

The man's hands fumbled with Hank's gun belt. It clattered to the floor. The tall man kicked it to one side.

"Now stand over against that desk and don't make a move," he warned. The short man was busy extracting money from the safe and transferring it into a burlap bag he had produced.

"You did a good job watching this place," he said to his accomplice. "We sure picked a good night."

Hank glowered. So that's how they knew when a safe contained good pickings. This tall fellow must have gone around to every town, watching the day's business. It could have been done easily enough all right.

* * *

The tall man lounged easily against the opened door, body screening the gun. To an outsider, it would appear as though he were saying good-night to the agent. Hank, watching him, realized this tall fellow must be the brainier of the two.

The shorter man grunted as he finished the job of filling the

bag. His eyes took in Hank, hands still high in the air, hovering over the desk. "We got something to tell you, Pop," he said, "and that's not to try to follow us. So far none of you agents has been killed because you're smart enough to stay inside when we leave."

"I've been living a long time," Hank returned, "and I aim to keep on living. But I don't mind telling you fellers that you're not going to get away with this much longer. You're bound to get it."

The tall man darted a glance at Hank, then spoke to his confederate. "Shut the safe. And your mouth, too!" Then, still smiling thin-lipped, he spoke to Hank. "It'll take more than one of you agents to stop us," he said contemptuously, "and more than a Sheriff and posse."

* * *

The smaller man backed out of the room, his gun hammer cocked. "Okay," he said to his confederate, "here we go." He raised the gun, and backed toward the door. Outside, the tall man was leaping toward the horses. Hank's ears heard him, but his eyes were on the small man. The gun barrel tilted and blazed as a bullet went skyward and, in a continual motion, the robber started out.

It was the moment for which Hank had been waiting. His hand snaked toward the forty-four in the tray on the desk. Not a fraction of a second elapsed, the outlaw's startled eyes were looking around wildly! He was sure his bullet had shattered the lamp, but the room was still lighted.

Too late, he turned his gun on Hank. The latter's forty-five roared. The outlaw slumped to the floor as the tall man appeared in the doorway.

He didn't get a chance to use his gun. A look of surprise came over his face as Hank's bullet penetrated his stomach. Moaning, the man pitched forward on his face.

An hour later, aroused from sleep, Clem Trayne came ex-

citedly into the office. The Sheriff had carted away the wounded desperadoes and the town's cabarets were buzzing with the news of Hank's battle. Clem burst into the office, blinked in the dim light that greeted him as he opened the door.

"Hank," he said excitedly. "Is it true? You shot it out with those outlaws?" There was admiration in his voice.

* * *

Hank looked up from the forty-four he was cleaning. "Yep," he said curtly. "Me 'n' Bessie did it."

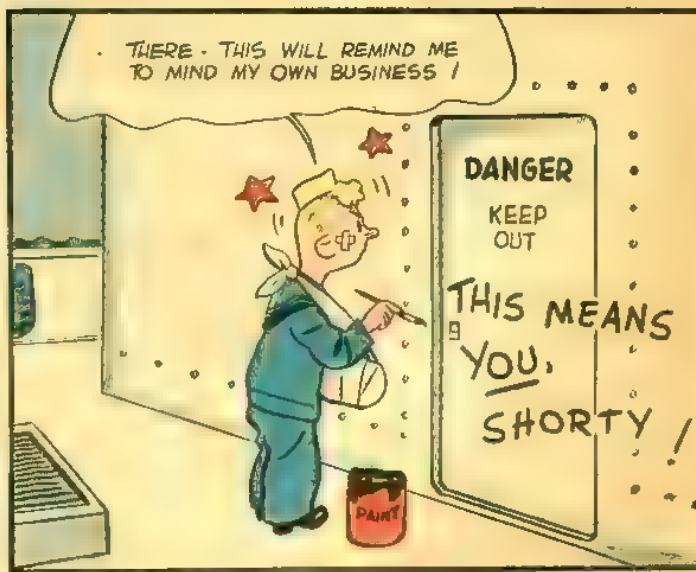
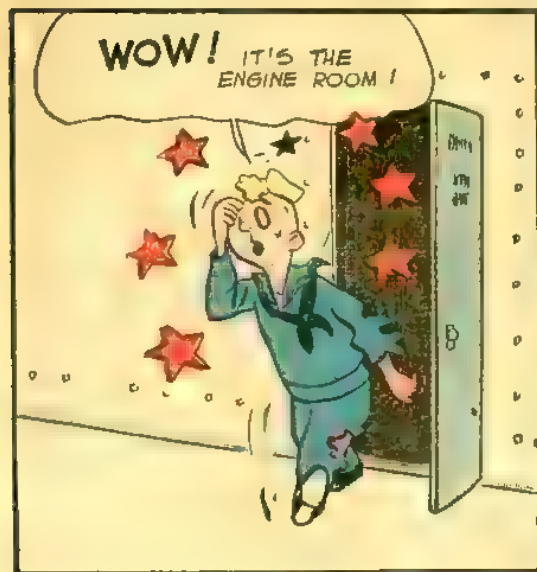
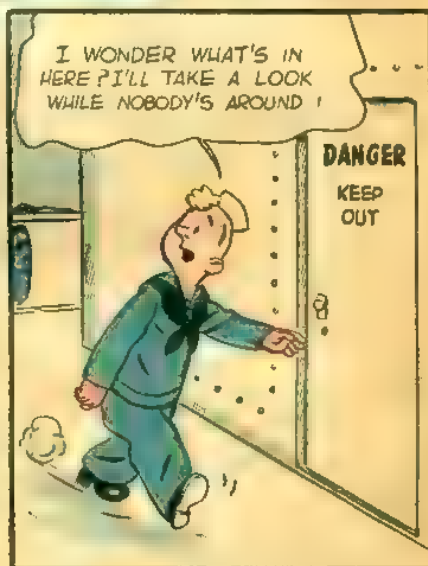
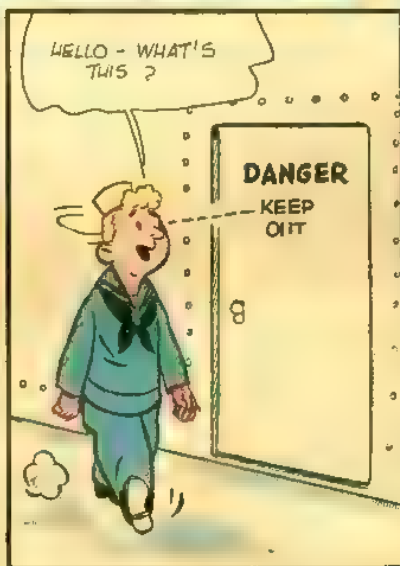
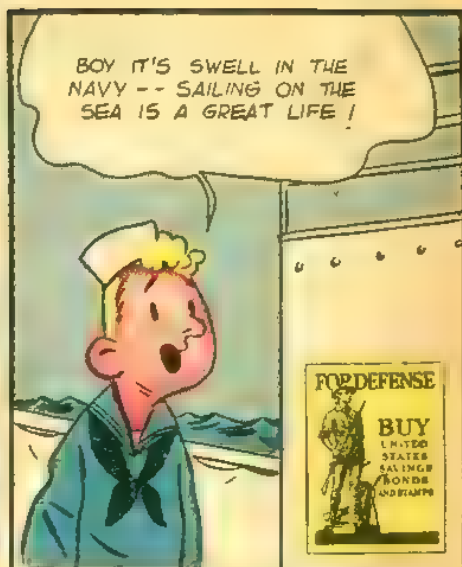
"Sure, sure," Clem said, "but give me the whole story. I've got to make a report." He looked about petulantly. "Hey, what's the matter with the light in this place?" His eyes sought the ceiling. "What'd you do, Hank?" he said censoriously. "Go and move that light." Then, his eyes catching the shattered mirror, he added: "And what's that thing doing here?"

For a moment, he became the District Manager again. "You know that's not allowed in here." He stopped, conscious that Hank was grinning at him. His eyes darted to the door shielding the light, then turned to the mirror.

"Hank," he said, realization dawning, "you tricked those fellows!"

"Sure," Hank replied complacently. "I figured they were so much in the habit of shooting out light they wouldn't notice I had moved this one so it would shine into the mirror. They made the mistake of thinking the mirror was the light." He stopped, relishing his words. "And you, Clem," he chided, "made a mistake in thinking because a man's got a lot of years that he stops thinking."

THE END



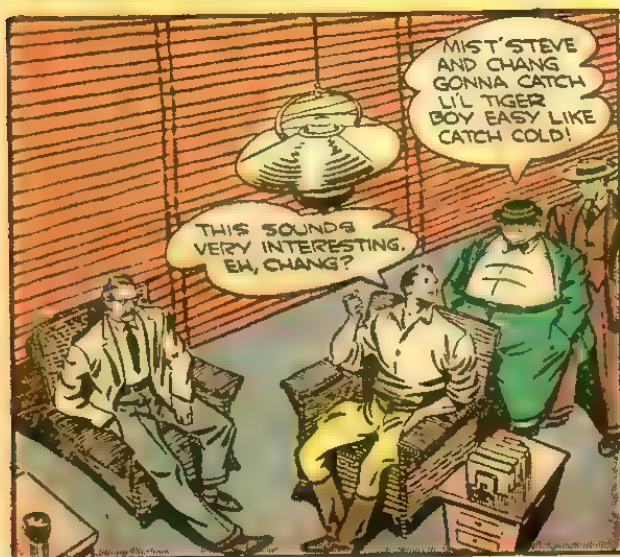
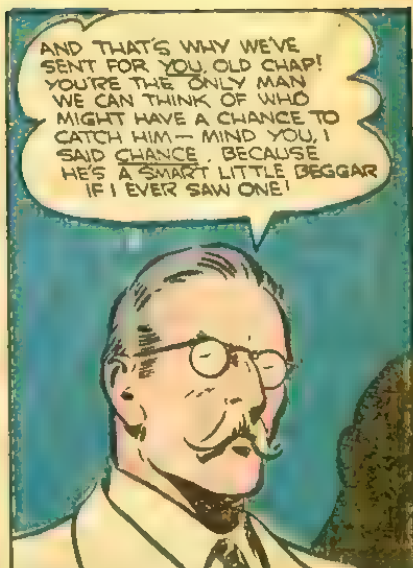
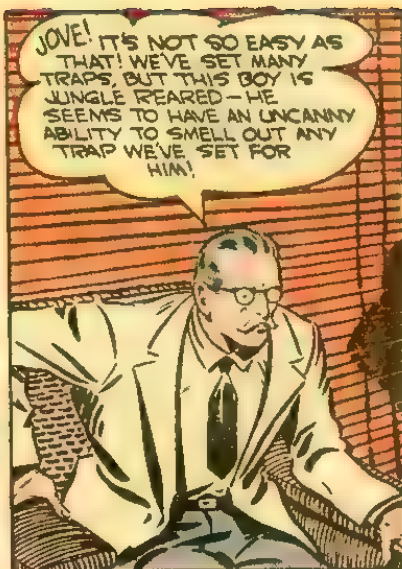
STEVE CONRAD

ADVENTURER
BY JACK LEHTI

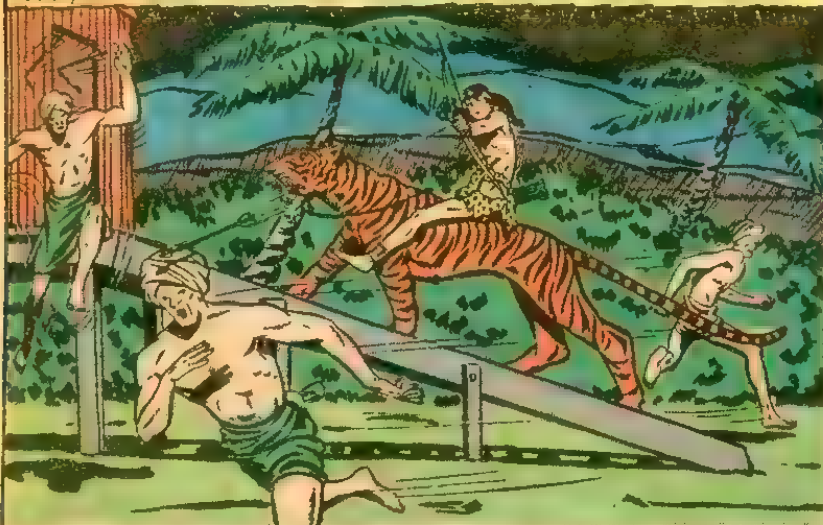
FROM OUT OF THE JUNGLES OF INDIA COMES A CALL FOR HELP FROM THE MANY PLANTATION OWNERS! STEVE CONRAD ANSWERS IT AND WALKS INTO AS STRANGE AN ADVENTURE — AND MYSTERY — THAT HE HAS EVER SEEN! WHO IS THE JUNGLE WAIF KNOWN AS TARZI, THE TIGER BOY? WHENCE COMES HE, AND WHERE DOES HE GO — AFTER HAVING PILLAGED PLANTATIONS WHILE ASTRIDE HIS FEROCIOUS AND GIANT TIGER?

YES, STEVE, IT'S MOST AMAZING! THIS LITTLE CHAP COMES RAIDING OUR PLANTATIONS, ASTRIDE A FEROCIOUS TIGER! IT WOULD BE EASY ENOUGH TO SHOOT HIM, BUT HE'S ONLY A SMALL BOY FOR ALL HIS ROBBING! WHAT WE'D LIKE TO DO IS CAPTURE HIM!





QUICKLY THE TIGER BOY GUIDES HIS GREAT BEAST TO THE STEPS OF THE STORE-HOUSE, SCATTERING THE FRIGHTENED NATIVES WHO GUARD IT DURING THE NIGHT!



ONCE INSIDE, HE TAKES WHATEVER REACHES HIS HAND, WHILE THE GREAT TIGER STANDS AT GUARD BY THE DOOR!



THERE HE GOES WITH MORE OF OUR SUPPLIES AND WE JOLLY WELL DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO DO A THING ABOUT IT!



I'D LIKE TO CHANCE A SHOT AT THEM, SIR! IF I COULD HIT THE TIGER, HE COULDN'T GET AWAY SO FAST!

NO! YOU MIGHT HIT THE BOY, AND I DON'T WANT TO HARM HIM! AFTER ALL HE'S NOT A CRIMINAL—BEING REARED IN THE JUNGLE HE DOESN'T REALIZE IT'S NOT RIGHT TO STEAL THINGS!

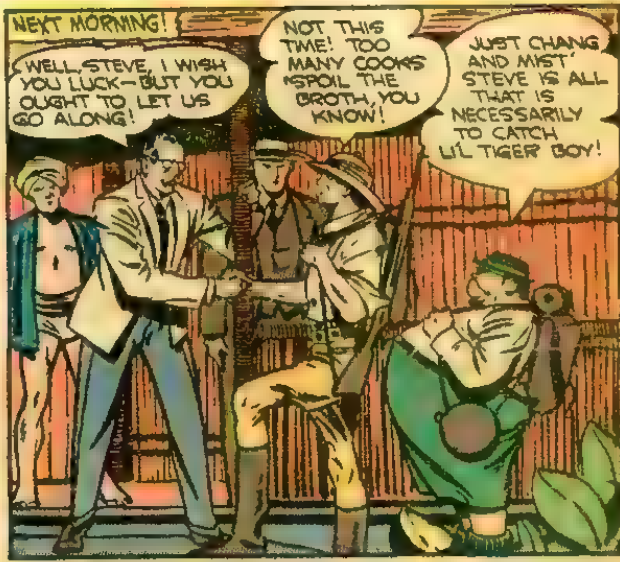


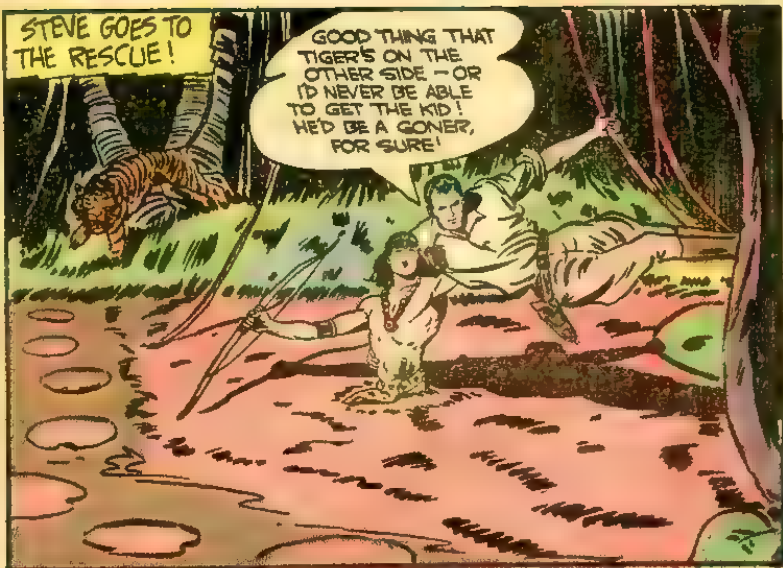
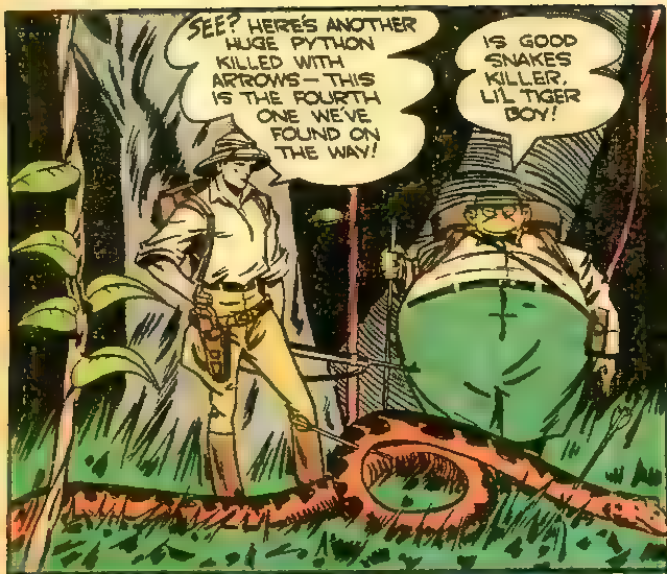
THEY'RE DISAPPEARING INTO THE JUNGLE! COME ON, CHANG—AT LEAST WE CAN TRAIL THEM AND FIND OUT WHERE THEY GO!



BUT THE TIGER BOY IS TOO SMART TO ALLOW HIMSELF TO BE TRAILED—AT THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE, HE WHIRLS ABOUT ON HIS TIGER'S BACK AND TAKES AIM—!!!!







BUT WHILE CHANG WATCHES STEVE PULLS THE TIGER BOY TO SAFETY, OVERHEAD LOOKS—SUDDEN DEATH!!



IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE, CHANG IS TRAPPED!



HELP! HELP! MIST STEVE, IS NASTY, EVIL OL SNAKES GOT POOR CHANG!

QUICK AS STEVE'S REACH FOR HIS GUN IS, THE TIGER BOY IS QUICKER!



GOOD SHOT!



ARE YOU OKAY NOW, CHANG?

IS YES—BUT WHERE LIL TIGER BOY SO CHANG CAN THANK A MILLION TIMES IN SUCCESSION?



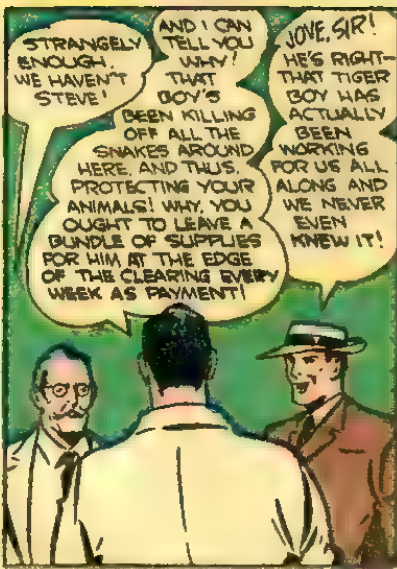
HE'S SLIPPED AWAY FROM US! OH, WELL, LET HIM GO! IT'S PROBABLY BETTER THAT WAY—AT LEAST HE KNOWS WE'RE NOT HIS ENEMIES!



LATER AT THE PLANTATION!

THAT WAS QUITE AN ADVENTURE YOU HAD, STEVE! BUT WE STILL HAVEN'T SOLVED OUR PROBLEM OF WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE TIGER BOY!

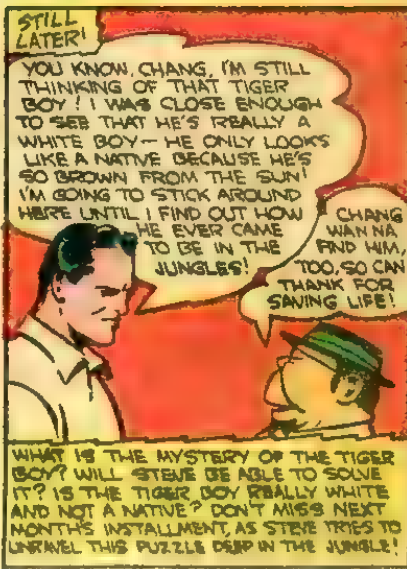
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT! TELL ME—YOU USED TO HAVE A LOT OF YOUR PLANTATION ANIMALS KILLED AND EATEN BY HUGE PYTHONS—DOES THAT STILL HAPPEN?



STRANGELY ENOUGH, WE HAVEN'T STEVE!

AND I CAN TELL YOU WHY! THAT BOY'S BEEN KILLING OFF ALL THE SNAKES AROUND HERE, AND THUS, PROTECTING YOUR ANIMALS! WHY, YOU OUGHT TO LEAVE A BUNDLE OF SUPPLIES FOR HIM AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING EVERY WEEK AS PAYMENT!

JOVE, SIR! HE'S RIGHT—THAT TIGER BOY WAS ACTUALLY BEEN WORKING FOR US ALL ALONG AND WE NEVER EVEN KNEW IT!

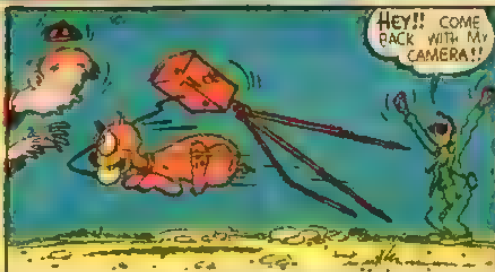


STILL LATER!

YOU KNOW, CHANG, I'M STILL THINKING OF THAT TIGER BOY! I WAS CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE THAT HE'S REALLY A WHITE BOY—HE ONLY LOOKS LIKE A NATIVE BECAUSE HE'S SO BROWN FROM THE SUN! I'M GOING TO STICK AROUND HERE UNTIL I FIND OUT HOW HE EVER CAME TO BE IN THE JUNGLES!

CHANG WAN NA FIND HIM, TOO, SO CAN THANK FOR SAVING LIFE!

WHAT IS THE MYSTERY OF THE TIGER BOY? WILL STEVE BE ABLE TO SOLVE IT? IS THE TIGER BOY REALLY WHITE AND NOT A NATIVE? DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S INSTALLMENT, AS STEVE TRIES TO UNRAVEL THIS PUZZLE DEEP IN THE JUNGLE!



IF YOU LIKE HE-MAN
HEROES IN HUNDRED-
MILE-PER-HOUR
ADVENTURE STORIES...

...THEN THIS IS ONE
MAGAZINE YOU
CAN'T AFFORD
TO MISS!



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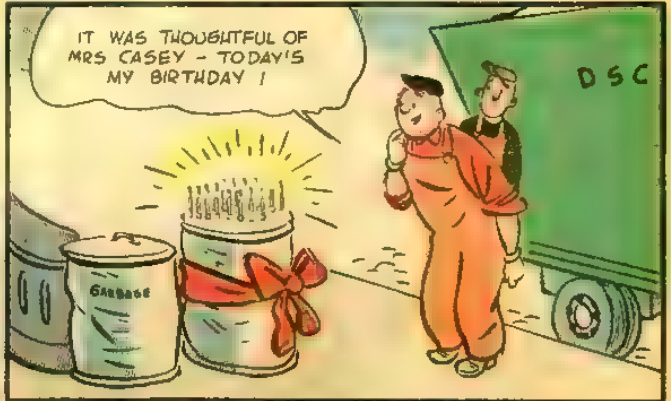
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OF
AMERICA!**

**AGAIN
THE JUSTICE
SOCIETY
APPEARS IN
ANOTHER
FULL-LENGTH
ADVENTURE
STORY!**



**ONCE
AGAIN
THEY FIGHT
GALLANTLY FOR
AMERICA
AND
Democracy**

**BUT THIS
TIME THEY
TRAVEL FAR
INTO THE
FUTURE
TO DO IT!**

**DON'T MISS
-THIS-
TREMENDOUS ISSUE!**

ALL-STAR NO.10 NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!



SHINING KNIGHT

HOOFBEATS THUNDER ON THE HARD PAVEMENTS OF A TWENTIETH CENTURY CITY... GIANT WINGS THRASH THE SKIES OF 1942... **THE SHINING KNIGHT'S** IN TOWN!!... HERE IS A VISITOR FROM KING ARTHUR'S COURT... A GALLANT CHAMPION, SHEATHED FROM HEAD TO TOE IN GOLDEN MAIL, AND RIDING ASTRIDE AN INCREDIBLE WINGED STEED... FOR AN ICEBERG AND A WHIMSICAL FANTASY OF FATE HAVE WHISKED HIM OUT OF THE PAST RIGHT BANG INTO OUR TIME!! SO NOW HE'S ON THE JOB ONCE AGAIN... FIGHTING FURIOUSLY WITH MODERN-DAY CRIME MONSTERS AND GHOULS OF GREED! *and* IN THIS TALE HE SCALES THE VERY CLOUDS THEMSELVES, AS HE STORMS...

"The Castle in the air."



WITH A HISSING OF BRAKES, ONE OF FIFTH AVENUE'S GIANT BUSES LUMBERS TO A HALT... SEVERAL PASSENGERS CLIMB ABOARD, AMONGST THEM, A STRANGE, MAIL-CLAD FIGURE.

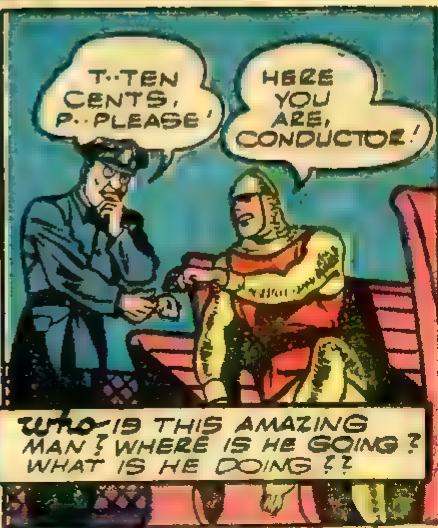
GEE, WHO'S THAT?

LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO A FANCY DRESS BALL!

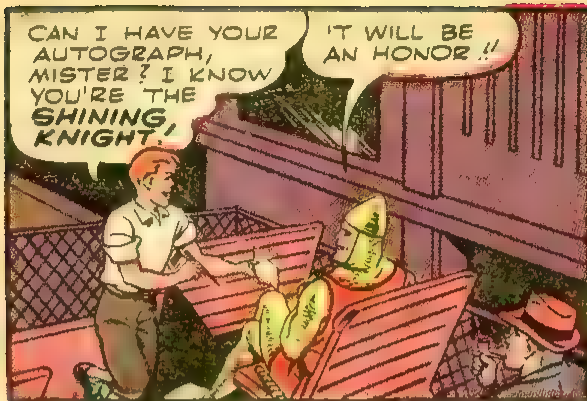


T-TEN CENTS, P-PLEASE!

HERE YOU ARE, CONDUCTOR!

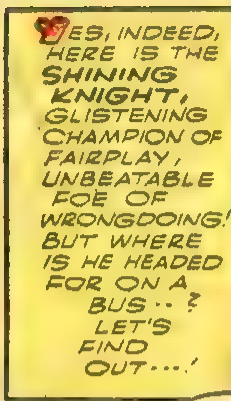


WHO IS THIS AMAZING MAN? WHERE IS HE GOING? WHAT IS HE DOING??

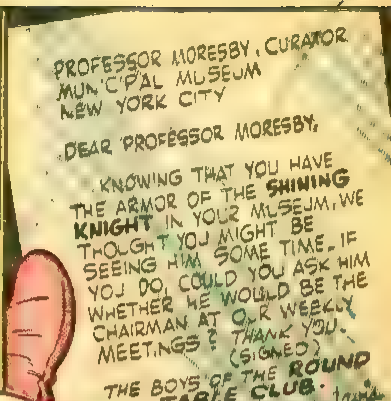


CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH, MISTER? I KNOW YOU'RE THE SHINING KNIGHT!

IT WILL BE AN HONOR!!



YES, INDEED, HERE IS THE SHINING KNIGHT, GLISTENING CHAMPION OF FAIRPLAY, UNBEATABLE FOE OF WRONGDOING! BUT WHERE IS HE HEADED FOR ON A BUS...? LET'S FIND OUT....!



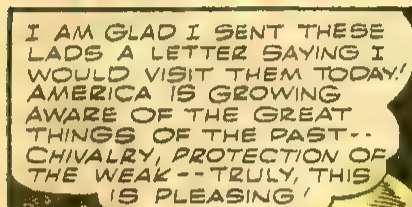
PROFESSOR MORESBY, CURATOR MUNICIPAL MUSEUM NEW YORK CITY

DEAR PROFESSOR MORESBY,

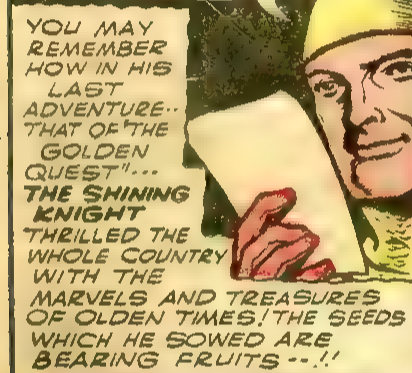
KNOWING THAT YOU HAVE THE ARMOR OF THE SHINING KNIGHT IN YOUR MUSEUM, WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE SEEING HIM SOME TIME. IF YOU DO, COULD YOU ASK HIM WHETHER HE WOULD BE THE CHAIRMAN AT OUR WEEKLY MEETINGS? THANK YOU. (SIGNED)

THE BOYS OF THE ROUND TABLE CLUB.

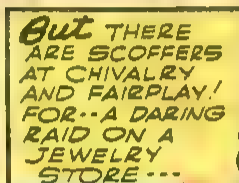
Ben Walker Sam Davis John Mc Dougan Lefty Jones



I AM GLAD I SENT THESE LADS A LETTER SAYING I WOULD VISIT THEM TODAY! AMERICA IS GROWING AWARE OF THE GREAT THINGS OF THE PAST-- CHIVALRY, PROTECTION OF THE WEAK--TRULY, THIS IS PLEASING!



YOU MAY REMEMBER HOW IN HIS LAST ADVENTURE-- THAT OF THE GOLDEN QUEST"-- THE SHINING KNIGHT THRILLED THE WHOLE COUNTRY WITH THE MARVELS AND TREASURES OF OLDEN TIMES! THE SEEDS WHICH HE SOWED ARE BEARING FRUITS--!!



OUT THERE ARE SCOFFERS AT CHIVALRY AND FAIRPLAY! FOR--A DARING RAID ON A JEWELRY STORE---

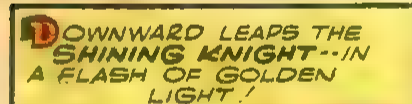
THIEVES, BY MY TROTH! SOON THOSE BOLD KNAVES WILL MOST SORELY REGRET THEIR ILL-CHOSEN BOLDNESS!



THE KNIGHTLY NEMESIS RICOCHETS FROM THE CAR ROOF!!



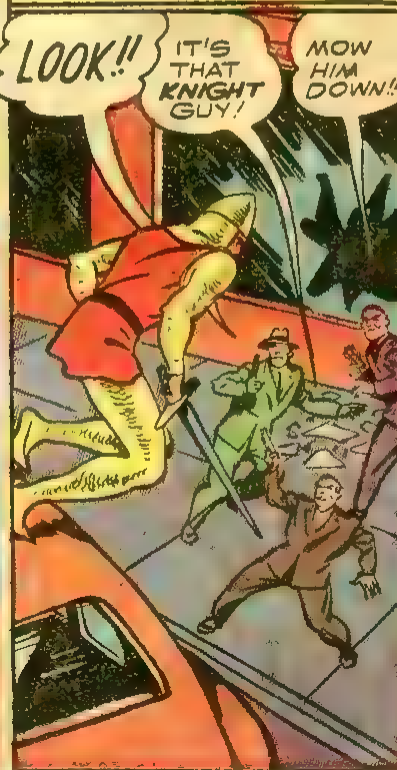
IN ONE MIGHTY SLASH, THE SHINING KNIGHT LOPS OFF THEIR GUN BARRELS!



DOWNWARD LEAPS THE SHINING KNIGHT--IN A FLASH OF GOLDEN LIGHT!



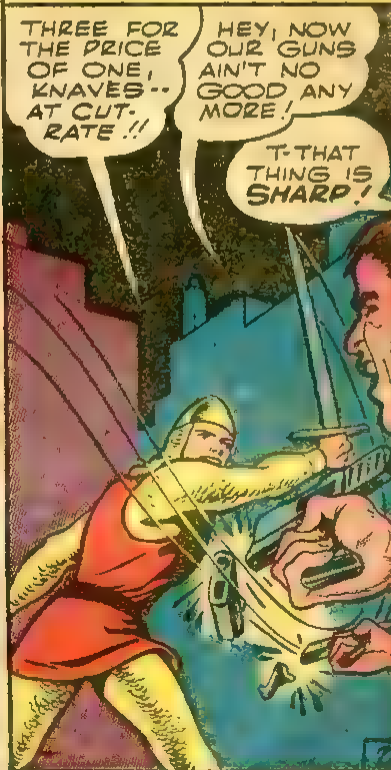
TALLY-HO AND AWAY!



LOOK!!

IT'S THAT KNIGHT GUY!

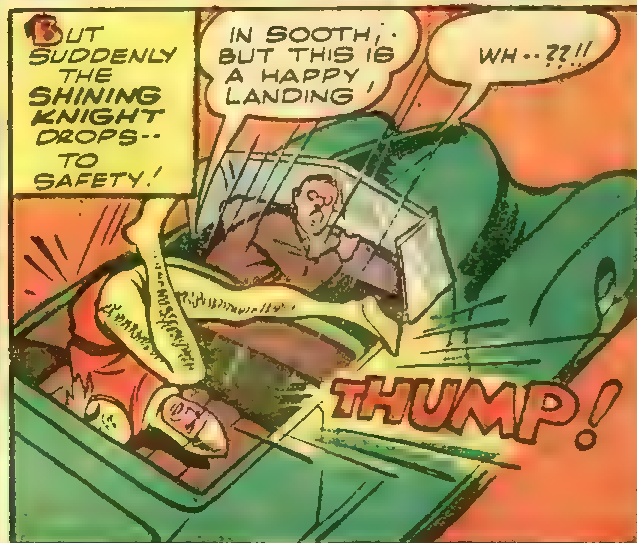
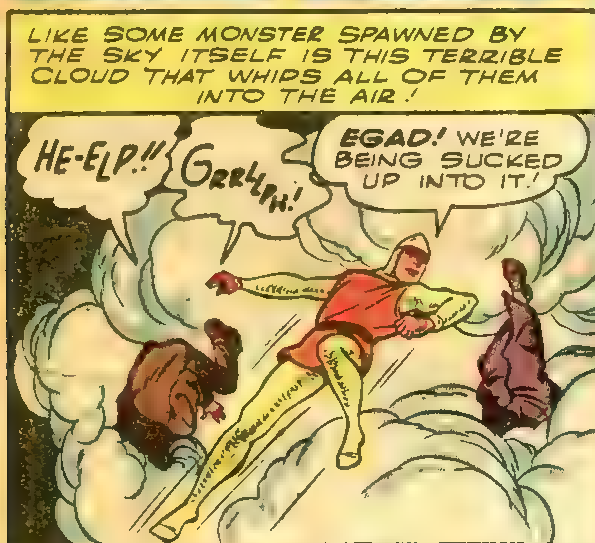
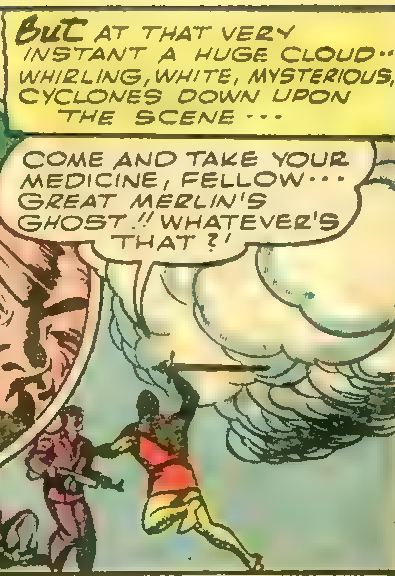
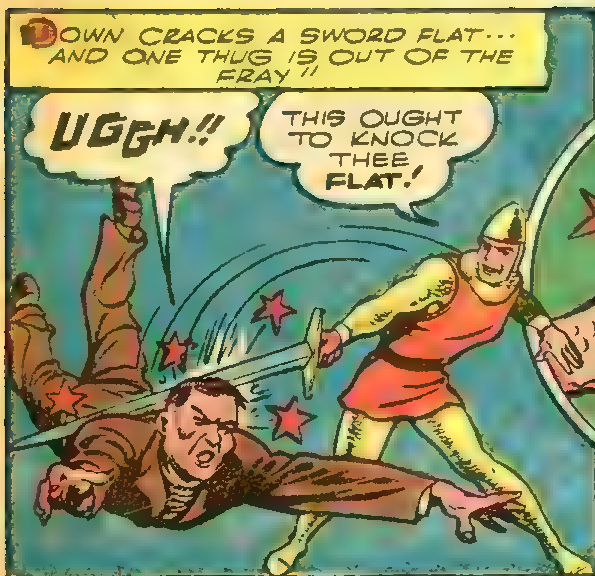
MOW HIM DOWN!!



THREE FOR THE PRICE OF ONE, KNAVES-- AT CUT-RATE!!

HEY, NOW OUR GUNS AIN'T NO GOOD ANY MORE!

T-THAT THING IS SHARP!



AND WHILE THE WHOLE WORLD WONDERS AT THE PHENOMENON, FOUR DISAPPOINTED MEMBERS OF THE ROUND TABLE CLUB ALSO WONDER WHAT HAS BECOME OF THEIR CHAIRMAN ---

Meanwhile, PROFESSOR MORESBY, CURATOR OF THE MUNICIPAL MUSEUM CHATS WITH HIS ASSISTANT, JUSTIN ---

WE'VE BEEN HERE SIMPLY HOURS--AND HE STILL ISN'T HERE!!

MAYBE HE AIN'T GONNA COME??

NOBODY EVER HEARD OF A KNIGHT GOING BACK ON HIS WORD! IF THE SHINING KNIGHT SAID HE'LL COME-- HE'LL COME!!

I DON'T BELIEVE THAT CLOUD WAS NATURAL! I'M POSITIVE I SAW SOME KIND OF APPARATUS INSIDE --LIKE A GIANT BULB!!

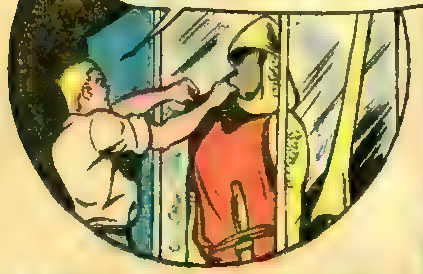
A BULB? NO--YOU MUST BE WRONG!!

NOW HE PLACES HIS GOLDEN ARMOR IN ITS SHOW CASE--(YOU'LL RECALL THAT IN HIS LAST ADVENTURE JUSTIN SOLD HIS ARMOR TO HELP PAY OFF THE MORTGAGE OF THE MUSEUM.)

BUT JUSTIN IS NONE OTHER THAN THE SHINING KNIGHT!!

SOMEHOW I HAVE A HUNCH THAT IT WON'T BE SO VERY LONG BEFORE I AGAIN PUT ON THAT GOLDEN SUIT!!

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE GHASTLY CLOUD AGAIN AND AGAIN RAIDS THE EARTH-- BEARING AWAY BANKS AND GOLD TRUCKS-- EVEN OCEAN LINERS!!



and ALMOST IT MIGHT SEEM THAT THE VERY SKY ITSELF HAD GROWN GREEDY!!!

WHILE AN AGHAST WORLD
GAPES AT THE GHASTLY
WORK OF THE "CLOUD",
LET'S ROLL ASIDE THE
VEIL OF MYSTERY AND SEE
BEYOND--SOME WEEKS AGO--
TO A LITTLE MAN STRUGGLING
ALONG A CROWDED SIDEWALK
AND BEING TOSSED AROUND
LIKE A CORK IN A WHIRLPOOL!

WHY DON'T
YOU LOOK
WHERE
YOU'RE
GOING?

WHY, YOU LITTLE
SQUIRT--! YOU'D
BETTER LOOK
OUT BEFORE
SOMEONE
STEPS ON YOU!

IF I WASN'T SO
SMALL, I'D---! EVERYBODY
PUSHES ME
AROUND! SOME
DAY I'LL GET
BACK AT THEM
ALL!!

THE LITTLE MAN ENTERS
A CERTAIN LABORATORY...

SHORTY, JUST
LOOK! I'VE GOT
IT AT LAST--MY
DEGRAVITATING
MACHINE IS
READY--AND
IT WORKS!
JUST LOOK!!

SHORTY,
ALWAYS
CALLING
ME
SHORTY!
SOME DAY
I'M GOING
TO LOSE
MY TEMPER!

WEIRD RAYS FOCUS AT
THE MASSIVE FURNITURE,
AND TABLES AND CHAIRS
FLOAT UP INTO THE AIR
AS THOUGH THEY WERE
FEATHERS---

YOU SEE? GRAVITY HAS
NO PULL ON THEM! THIS
IS THE MOST ADVANCED
DISCOVERY SINCE ELECTRICITY!

OF COURSE,
I'M GOING TO
GIVE MY
INVENTION TO
THE GOVERNMENT!
AMERICA NEEDS
SUCH AN
INSTRUMENT
IN THIS TIME
OF
CRISIS!

GIVE IT TO THE
GOVERNMENT?
WHY, YOU'RE
CRAZY!
WE COULD
MAKE A
FORTUNE WITH
THAT THING---
WE COULD
RULE THE
WORLD!!

IMPOSSIBLE, OLD BOY--
WE CAN'T KEEP A
THING LIKE THIS TO
OURSELVES! SHORTY,
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
WHAT'S COME OVER
YOU LATELY! SOME-
THING VICIOUS
SEEMS TO HAVE
GOTTEN
INTO YOU!

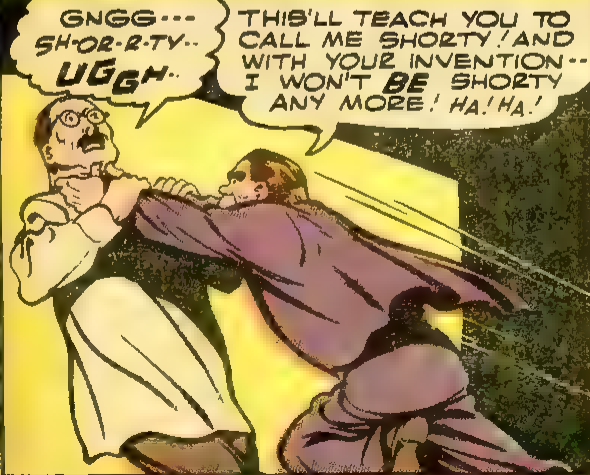
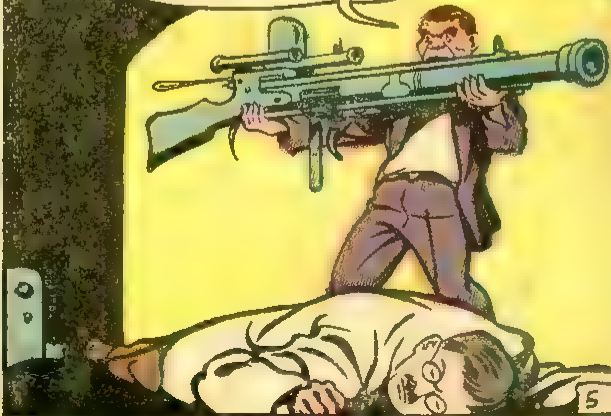
SHORTY--
ALWAYS CALLING
ME SHORTY!!

--SUDDENLY, THE LONG, SMOLDERING
FIRES OF MURDER FLAME UP FROM
SHORTY'S BITTER HEART---

GNGG---
SH-OR-R-TY--
UGGH--

THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO
CALL ME SHORTY! AND
WITH YOUR INVENTION--
I WON'T BE SHORTY
ANY MORE! HA! HA!

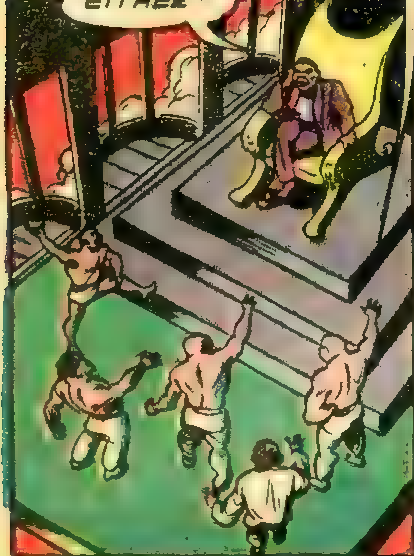
I'LL BE THE BIGGEST MAN IN
THE WORLD--YOU HEAR?? I'LL
RULE AN EMPIRE ABOVE THE SKIES--
AND LOOK DOWN ON A WORLD
THAT HAS ALWAYS LOOKED
DOWN ON ME!!!



DREAM GROWS INTO BRUTAL REALITY! ACTION-PACKED WEEKS LATER... SHORTY IS KING OF THE CLOUDS!!

MEN, I RESCUED YOU FROM ORDINARY WORK! FOLLOW ME AND WE'LL REALLY GO PLACES... AND IT WON'T BE DOWN EITHER!

WE'RE WITH YOU ALL THE WAY, BOSS!



WITH YOUR IDEAS, YOU SURE ARE GOING TO BE A BIG SHOT!

BIG SHOT... THAT'S ME! NO MORE SHORTY... HE'S DEAD! GONE! FORGOTTEN!!



Meanwhile, AT THE MUNICIPAL MUSEUM...

JUSTIN, DIDN'T YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH THOSE LADS OF THE ROUND TABLE?

GREAT SCOTT! I'D FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT IT!



STILL THE FOUR "KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE" KEEP A STEADY VIGIL EVERY DAY AFTER SCHOOL

I'M STARVED!

LET'S GO HOME TO EAT! LEFTY, IT'S YOUR TURN TO WAIT IN CASE HE SHOWS UP!



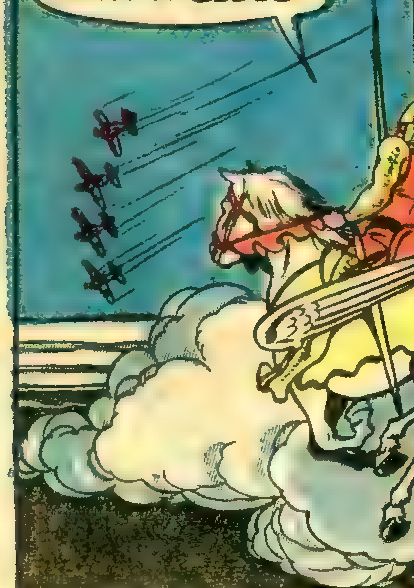
but AS AN ANXIOUS CHAIRMAN HURRIES TO KEEP HIS DAYS-LATE APPOINTMENT...

I'VE GOT TO GET THERE! CAN'T LET THOSE LADS DOWN! HALLO, WHAT'S THAT?



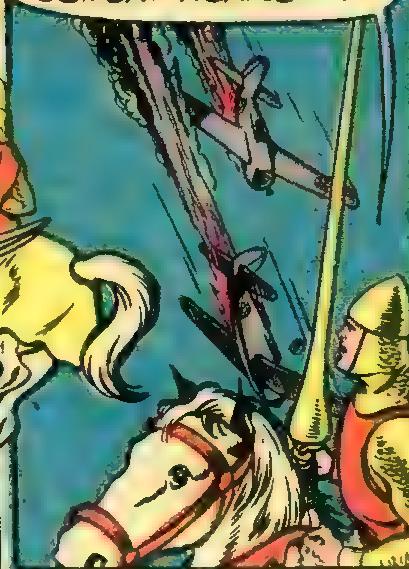
SWIFT MINUTES LATER... A BRISK SKY-GALLOP CARRIES THE SHINING KNIGHT AND WINGED VICTORY TO THE SCENE OF ACTION...

IN SOOTH... BUT 'T IS THE VERY FIRST TIME IN MY FIGHTING EXPERIENCE THAT I MUST BATTLE WITH A CLOUD!



SUDDENLY!... PURSUIT SHIPS FALL IN FLAMES LIKE SCORCHED INSECTS!

BY THE BONES OF ST JUDE, THAT CLOUD IS DEADLY AND VICIOUS VAPOR! I WONDER HOW I SHALL FARE IN COMBAT AGAINST IT?



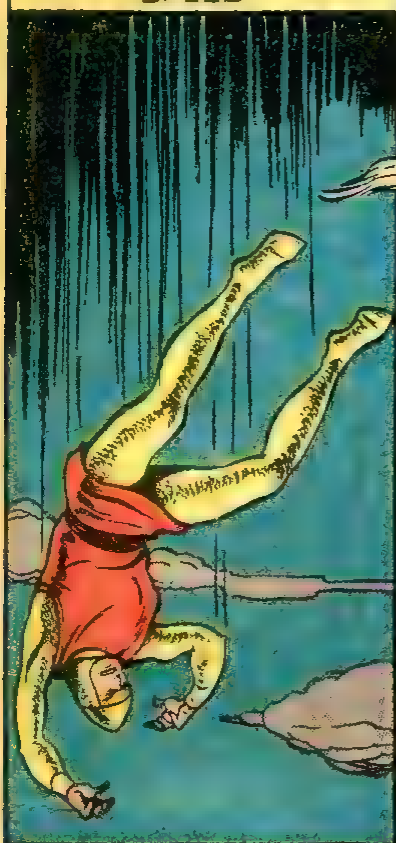
SUDDENLY THE "CLOUD" SWIRLS ABOUT THE SHINING KNIGHT...

SNATCHES HIM FROM HIS SADDLE -- AND SPINS HIM AROUND LIKE A TOP!

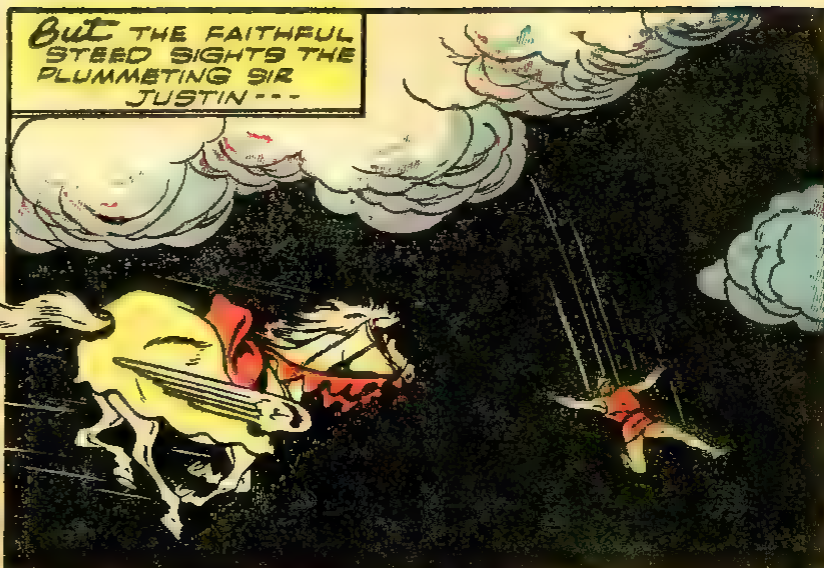


VICTORY!! --- QUICK... TO ME!

BRADLY THE WIND ROARS
IN HIS EARS--DOWN,
DOWN HE PLUNGES
LIKE A STONE--AT
EVER INCREASING
SPEED "



But THE FAITHFUL
STEED SIGHTS THE
PLUMMETING SIR
JUSTIN---



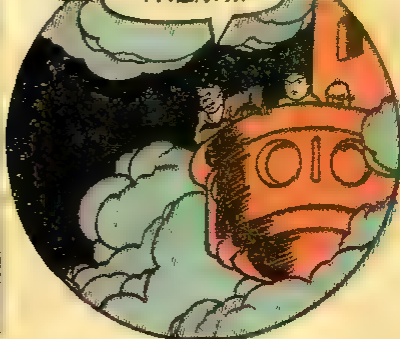
--AND LIKE A LIVING
PARACHUTE SAVES HIS
MASTER FROM HIS
HURLING DEATH---

AHHH... GOOD, FAITHFUL
VICTORY



BUT SOMEWHERE IN THE
"CLOUD'S" HEADQUARTERS--

I'M GOING TO FIX THOSE
EARTHWORMS FOR
THEIR INSOLENCE!--
SENDING PLANES
AFTER ME...I'LL SHOW
THEM!!!



MINUTES LATER--DOWN
SHOWERS A VERITABLE
RAIN OF LEAFLETS---

**WARNING TO EARTH-
WORMS!!!**

SEND NO PLANES!!!
DISTURB ME AT YOUR
PERIL... I HAVE
HOSTAGES--I WILL
HURL THEM TO THE
GROUND IF I AM
ANNOYED.

THE CLOUD
(SIGNED)
(EMPEROR OF
THE SKIES)

and GRIM INDEED IS THE
WARNING WHICH FRANTIC
POLICE EXAMINE--THE
BODY OF A MAN HURLED
THOUSANDS OF FEET
INTO THE SEA---

IT'S THE "CLOUD'S"
WORK AGAIN,

I'D GIVE
A YEAR'S PAY TO
GET MY HANDS
ON THOSE DEVILS.



CAN'T GET TOO CLOSE
TO THAT THING NOW
AFTER THAT WARNING,
THAT'S CERTAIN, THERE
MUST BE SOME OTHER
WAY TO DEAL WITH
IT---SOME TRICKY
WAY!...



That afternoon, the "Knights of the Round Table" are still waiting patiently for a chairman who doesn't attend...

Well, we'll just keep waiting, that's all...

He must have something awful important to do!

Out on some knightly quest, probably!

But their chairman is in secret conclave with the police commissioner and newspaper publishers...

--Commissioner, I suggest that an empty building be made into the guise of a bank. Then these gentlemen will play up the story in their papers--the rest you can leave to me!

Splendid idea, shining knight!! You can have all the space you want!

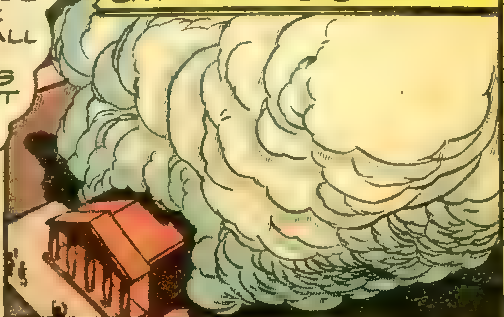
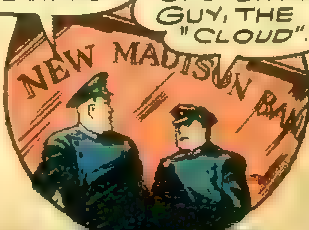
The next day...

2¢ DAILY BUGLE - 2¢
NEW MADISON BANK TO BE STRONGHOLD OF OLD WEALTH
TO HOLD "TREASURE TRUST" OF PRICE-LESS EUROPEAN ANTIQUES, BOARD DISCLOSES

SURE GLAD THAT BUILDING'S EMPTY! ... WOULDN'T WANT ANYONE TO BE THERE WHEN THE "CLOUD" COMES!

YEAH, BUT DO YOU THINK HE'LL FALL INTO THE TRAP? HE'S ONE SMART GUY, THE "CLOUD"!

Then... OUT OF A CLEAR SKY... THE "CLOUD"!

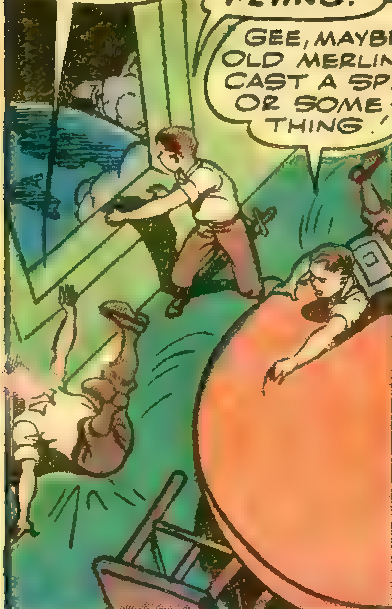


But this building is not so "abandoned" after all, for in an old loft at the top are... "THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE"...

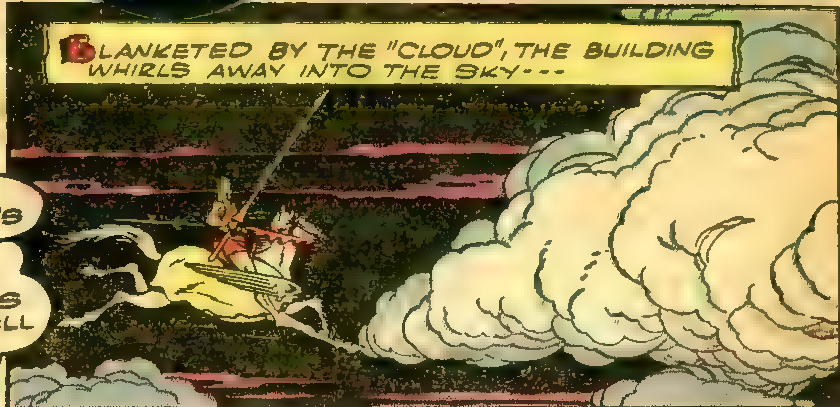
HEY, WHAT'S HAPPENED?

WE'RE UP IN THE AIR... THE BUILDING'S FLYING!

GEE, MAYBE OLD MERLIN'S CAST A SPELL OR SOMETHING!

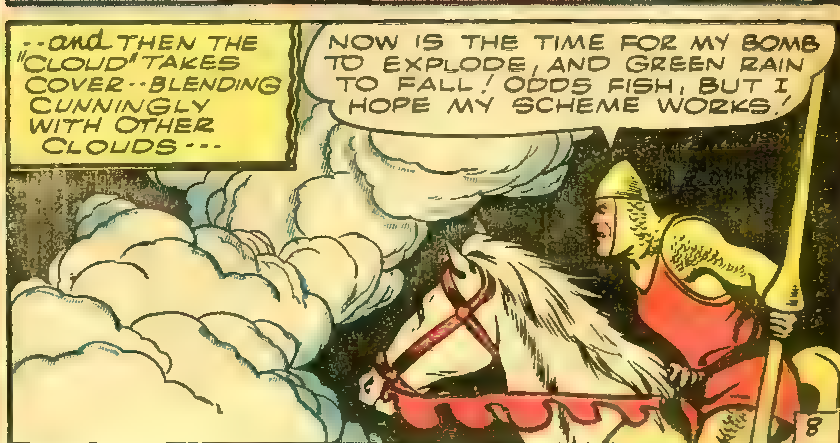


BLANKETED BY THE "CLOUD", THE BUILDING WHIRLS AWAY INTO THE SKY...

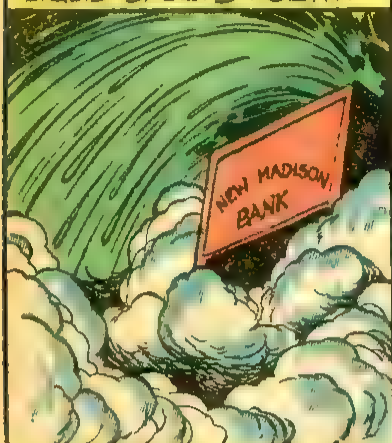


--AND THEN THE "CLOUD" TAKES COVER--BLENDING CUNNINGLY WITH OTHER CLOUDS...

NOW IS THE TIME FOR MY BOMB TO EXPLODE, AND GREEN RAIN TO FALL! ODDS FISH, BUT I HOPE MY SCHEME WORKS!



THE TIME BOMB PLANTED IN THE WATER TANK DOES ITS WORK--AND AN EMERALD FLOOD OF LIQUID SPURTS FORTH!

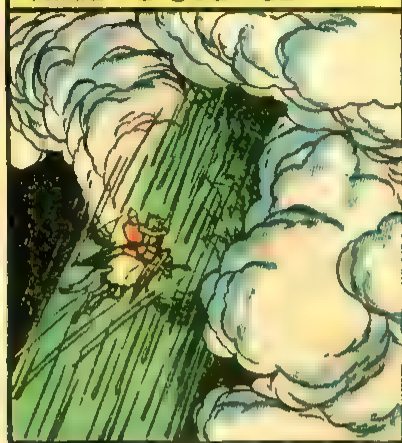


GREEN RAIN FALLS!

HURRAH, MY PLAN WAS SUCCESSFUL. NOW I CAN SEE WHICH IS THE REAL "CLOUD"! FORWARD, WINGED VICTORY--THE HOUR OF BATTLE IS AT HAND!

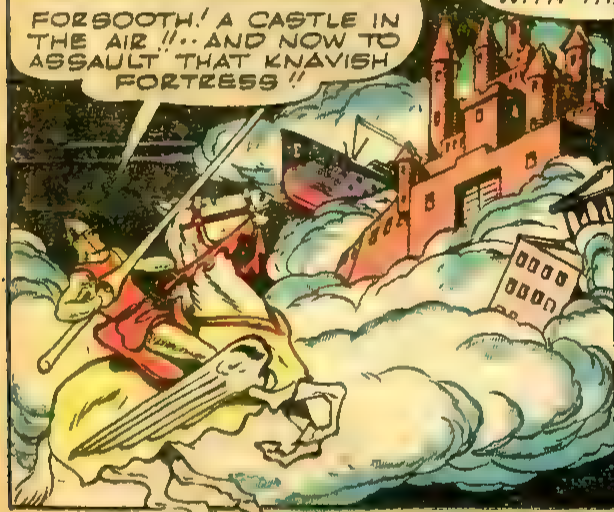


Through GREEN-HUED CLOUDS WINGS THE SHINING KNIGHT--RIDING A VERDANT SKY-TRAIL TO JUSTICE...



--AND BURSTS FORTH UPON A MADMAN'S DREAM FLOATING IN MID-AIR--A VAST CLOUD CASTLE FLANKED BY A VERITABLE CITY IN THE SKY!

FORBOOTH! A CASTLE IN THE AIR!--AND NOW TO ASSAULT THAT KNAVISH FORTRESS!



THIS GREEN RAIN IS A TRICK OF THAT ACCURSED SHINING KNIGHT! TO ARMS, MEN--FINISH HIM WITH THE CANNON!!

HAVE AT THEE--THOU LOUD-MOULTHED MONSTER!!

FIRE!



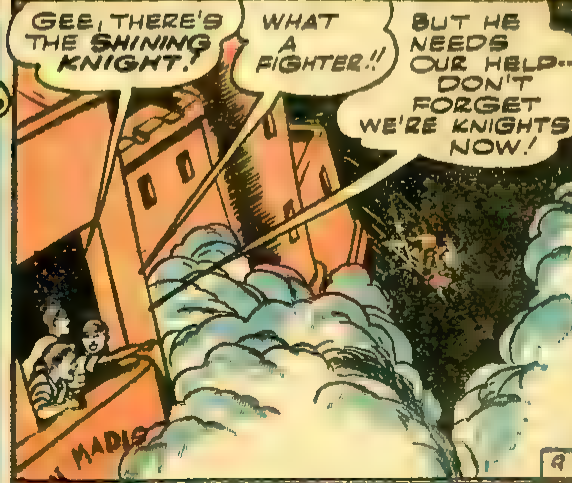
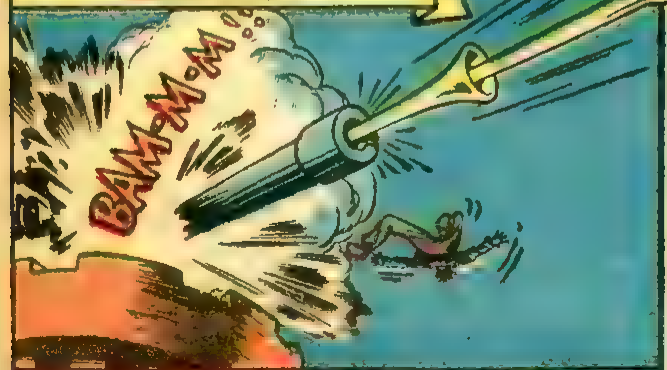
AT LONG LAST, THE "KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE" SEE THEIR HERO---(AND CHAIRMAN!)

GEE, THERE'S THE SHINING KNIGHT!

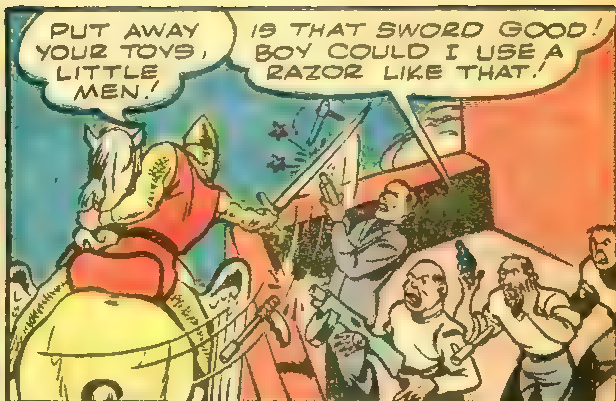
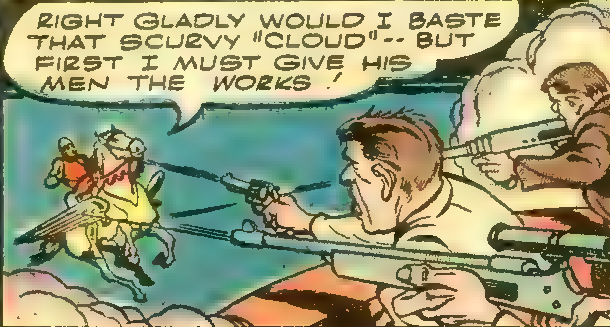
WHAT A FIGHTER!!

BUT HE NEEDS OUR HELP--DON'T FORGET WE'RE KNIGHTS NOW!

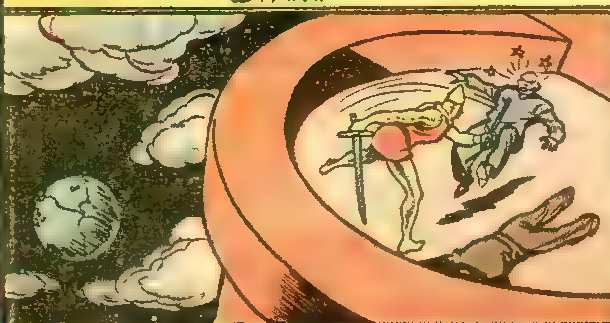
BUT THE KNIGHT'S LANCE DOES THE CANNONEER'S WITH THEIR OWN EXPLOSIVE MEDICINE!!



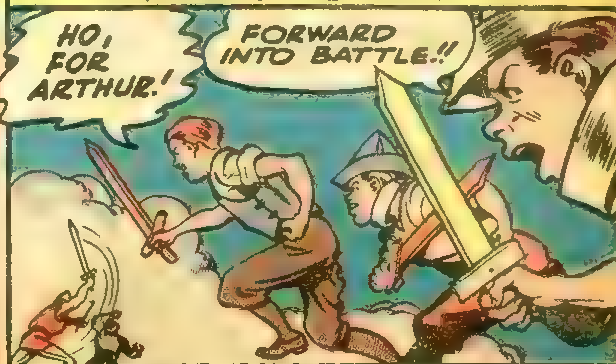
But .. A HORDE OF THE SKY-EMPEROR'S MEN LET LOOSE A LEADEN HAIL----



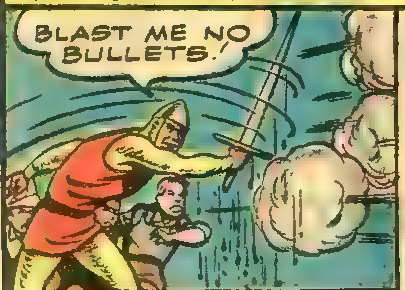
MANY THOUSANDS OF FEET BELOW IS THE EARTH--SO SMALL AND FAR AWAY THAT IT MIGHT BE A POSTAGE STAMP ---



SUDDENLY-- FOUR MITE-Y WARRIORS LEAP INTO THE FRAY !

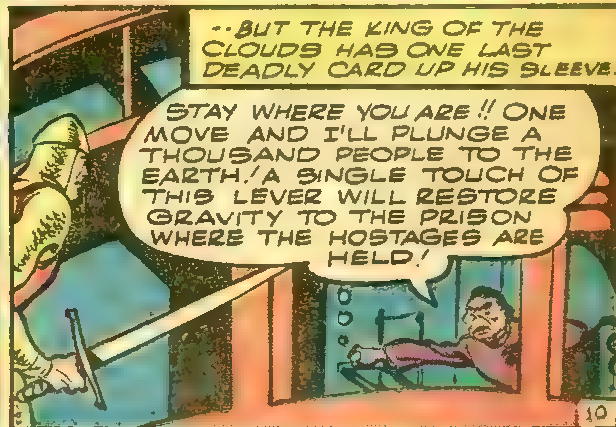
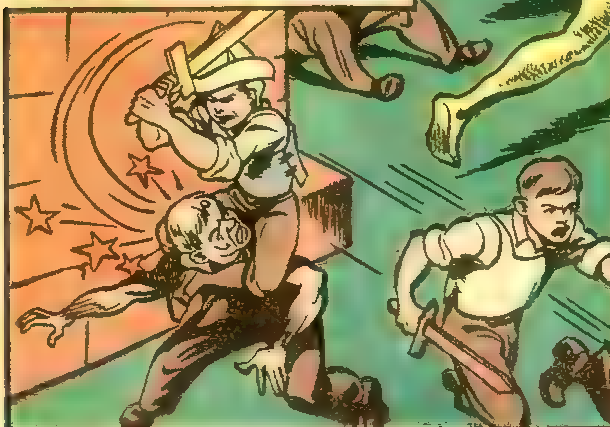
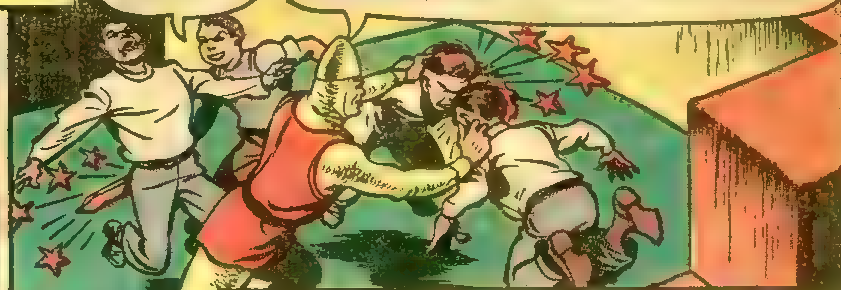


STREAKING BULLETS SPATTER AROUND THEM-- BUT THE SHINING KNIGHT'S WHIRLING SWORD MAKES MINCE MEAT OUT OF THE MISSILES !



TAKE THAT, THOU VARLET!!

TRULY IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE THIS COMBAT PRETTY WELL SEWN-UP--- THANKS TO YOU KNIGHTS-- I'M GOING OVER TO THE CASTLE-- I HAVE A DATE WITH THE "CLOUD"!!



BUT A CERTAIN KNIGHTLY SHARP-SHOOTER PEEPS IN ON THE SCENE--

AHH-H-- MUSTN'T MISS THIS ONE--!

BRAVO, MR. KNIGHT!! YOUR SLING-SHOT HAS SAVED THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE!!

OW-W!

BY MY TOOTH! A BULL'S EYE, LAD!!

Sir JUSTIN DEALS OUT TWIN JAW-CRACKERS--AND THE KING OF THE CLOUDS IS NO MORE!!

HERE ART DOUBLE-TROUBLE, KNAVE!!

--AND MINUTES LATER--A SQUADRON OF PURSUIT SHIPS--THEY, TOO, HAVE FOLLOWED THE GREEN SKY-TRAIL BLAZED BY THE SHINING KNIGHT!!

REINFORCEMENTS AT LAST!! AH, WELL--IT WAS A FINE BATTLE WHILE IT LASTED!!

RIGHT SORRY AM I TO BE SO TARDY--BUT I HAD A JOB TO DO! WHAT DO YOU SAY WE HAVE OUR MEETING NOW??

SURE THING, SIR BOSS!!

YEAH--WE KNOW WHAT IT IS TO BE A KNIGHT!

and So... ANOTHER ADVENTURE IS DONE--IT'S HOME AT LAST FOR FOUR TIRED BUT TRIUMPHANT KNIGHTS----

GEE, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE RIDING WINGED VICTORY!!

AWAY, VICTORY--AND BEAR US SAFELY HOME! FOR WE ARE THE BRAVEST BAND OF KNIGHTS EVER TO RIDE THE SKIES!!

Next Month...
THE SHINING KNIGHT JOUSTS WITH VANDALS MORE DARING THAN THE DRAGONS AND OGRES OF YORE!! FOLLOW THE MAN WHO TIME FORGOT AS HE WINGS HIS WAY THROUGH ADVENTURES YOU WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER!!!

ROLLIN' STONE

SURE - I'VE GOT CHARGE OF PEANUT - TH' BABY ELEPHUNT

OH, YEAH?

NOW LISTEN, STONE! I TOLD YOU THAT YOU WERE TO KEEP CLOSE WATCH ON THAT BABY ELEPHANT - DO YOU WANT THE JOB OR NOT?

SEE THAT HE GETS PLENTY OF EXERCISE TOO!

YES - SIR

DO I HAVE T' WATCH HIM EVERY MINUTE?

YESSIR - HE'S ONLY A BABY - WATCH HIM LIKE A MOTHER! I WANT YOU TO SLEEP RIGHT HERE WITH HIM, TOO!

NOW TRAIN HIM AND I'LL PUT YOU IN AN ACT WITH HIM!

GEE - I'VE GOTTA TRAIN 'IM, TOO - GOSH!

OKAY, PEANUT - ORDERS IS ORDERS! C'MON - IT'S TIME FOR YA BOTTLE!

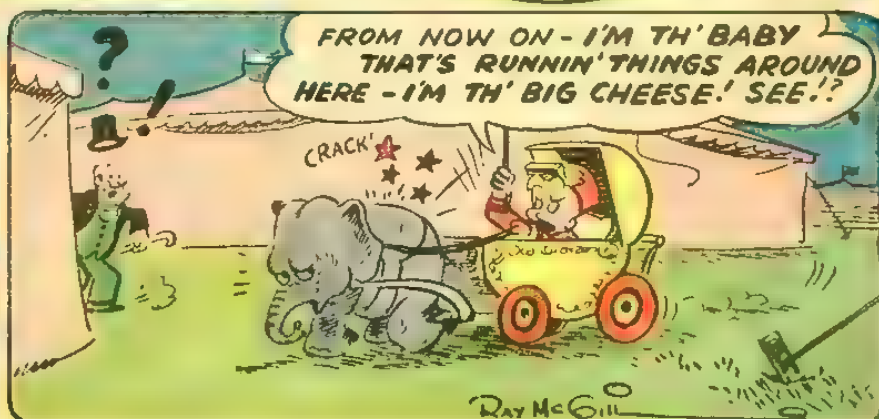
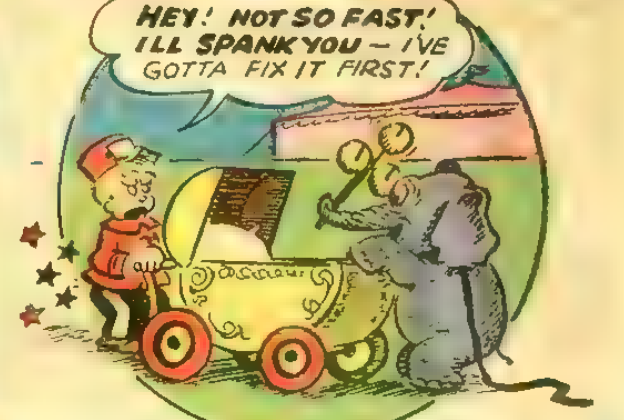
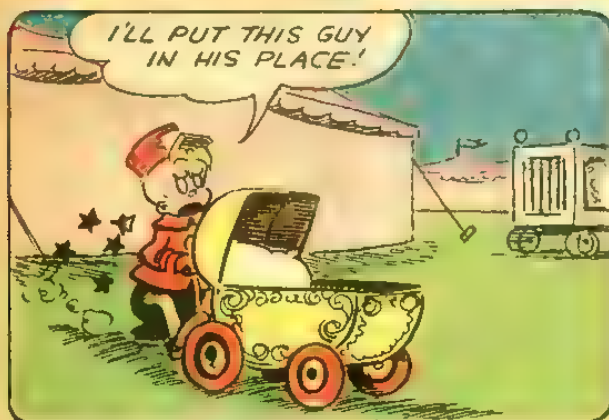
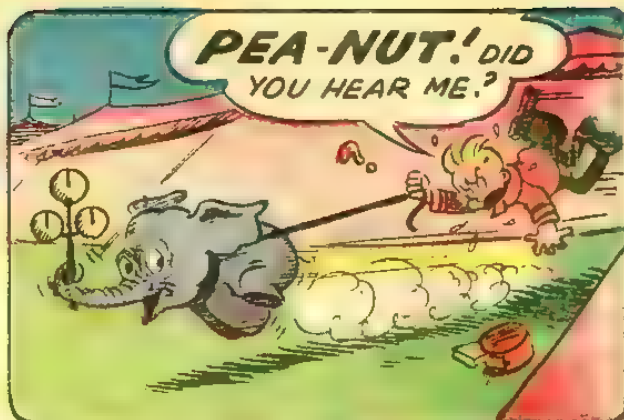
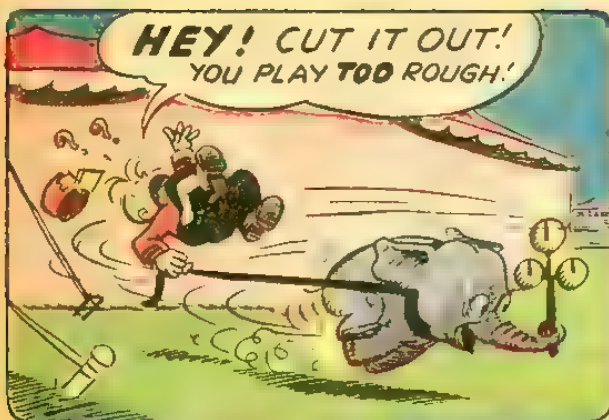
RATTLE RATTLE

H'YA, BEEG BOY! HOWSA PAPOOSE?

CHEE - YA GOTTA BE A TAXIDERMIST TO FEED THIS GUY - CHIEF!

OKAY, KID! NOW YA GOTTA TAKE YA NAP! BUT BEFORE YA HIT TH' NAY - WE GOTTA TAKE YA EXERCISE!

HEY, PEANUT! TAKE IT EASY! - AND I'M SUPPOSED TO TRAIN THIS WILD ELEPHUNT!



MANHUNTER

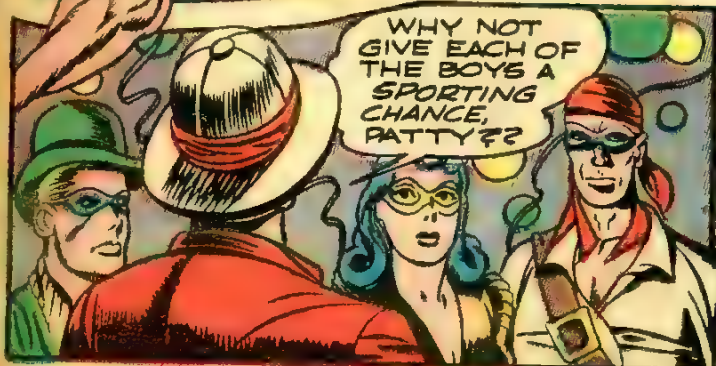
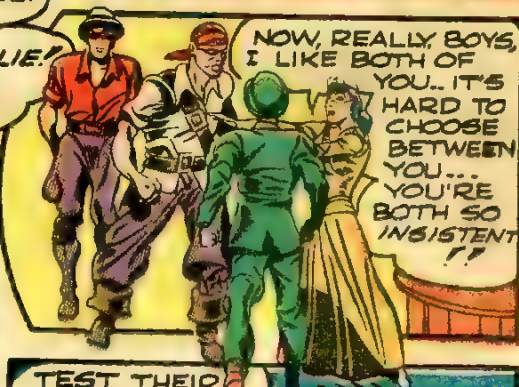
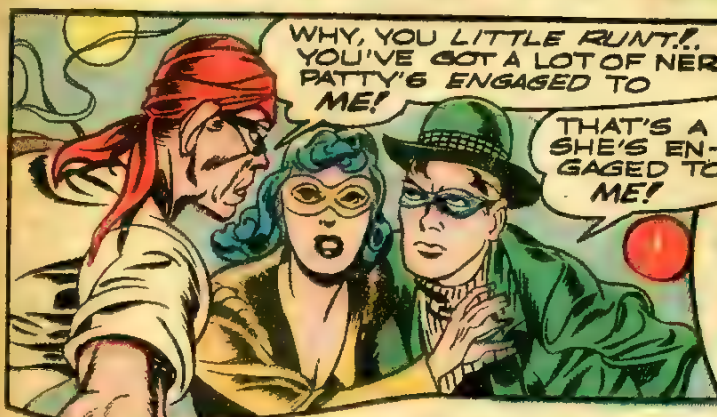
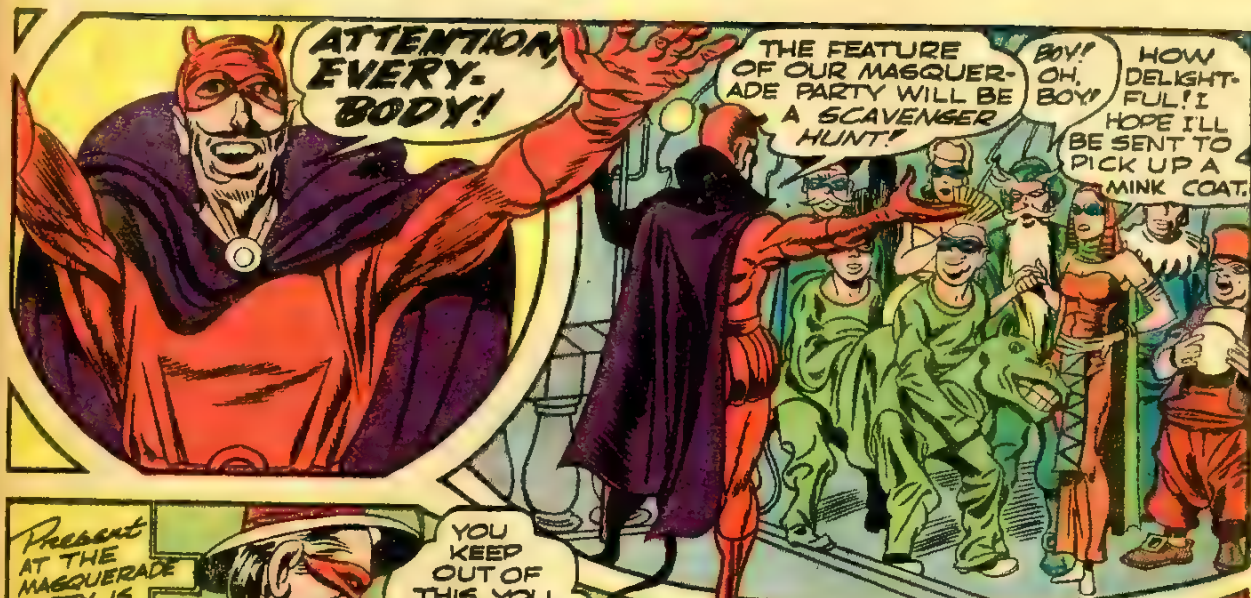
IN **SCAVENGER HUNT....**

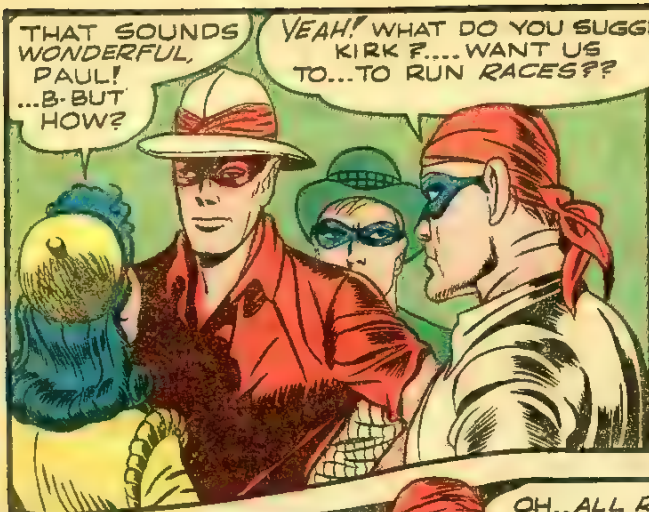
Everybody LOVES THE GAY EXCITEMENT OF A SOCIETY **SCAVENGER HUNT**..... BUT.... WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE ASSIGNED TO BRING BACK **PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE** OR LOSE YOUR GIRL?... THAT WAS HENRY'S PROBLEM... BUT **MANHUNTER** MADE IT HIS BUSINESS!

...AND BUSINESS WAS BOOMING... WITH **BLAZING GUNS!**

by JOE SIMON & JACK KIRBY







THAT SOUNDS WONDERFUL, PAUL! ...B-BUT HOW?

YEAH! WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST KIRK F.... WANT US TO...TO RUN RACES??



WELL.. THERE'S THE SCAVENGER HUNT, YOU KNOW?

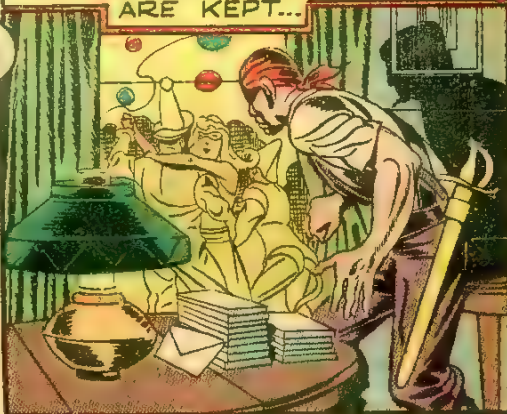
I GET IT!... WHO EVER BAGS HIS QUARRY FIRST.. TAKES ME TO THE PARTY!!



SOUNDS FAIR TO ME!

OH...ALL RIGHT! ... BUT SOME PEOPLE OUGHT TO LEARN TO MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS

But...BIG DROOP INTENDS TO PLAY SAFE; HE STEALS INTO ANOTHER ROOM WHERE THE ASSIGNMENTS ARE KEPT...



AHHH... HERE IT IS! ...I'LL GIVE THAT RUNT AN ASSIGNMENT!

BIG DROOP OPENS RUNT'S ENVELOPE AND REMOVES THE SLIP. HE WRITES ANOTHER SLIP AND SUBSTITUTES IT FOR THE ONE HE REMOVED



THAT RUNT'LL NEED THE G-MEN TO BRING THIS BACK!

THE ASSIGNMENTS ARE LATER DISTRIBUTED TO THE ASSEMBLED, FROLICKING GUESTS!



AH.. THERE, MY LITTLE HOOLIGAN! HERE'S YOUR LITTLE ASSIGNMENT!

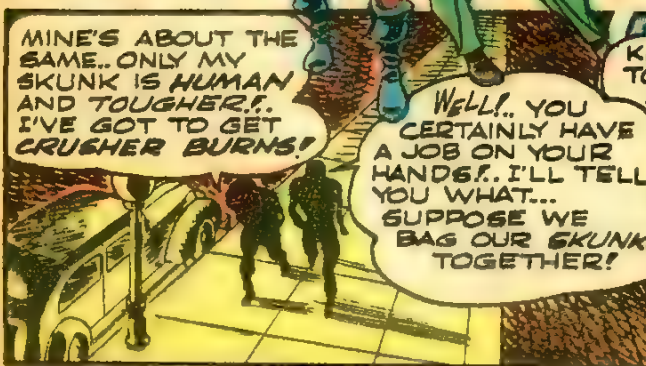
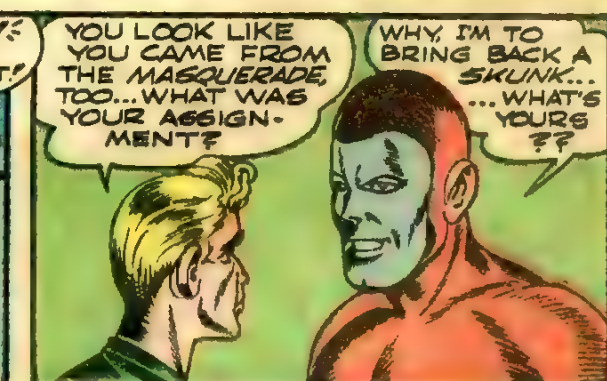
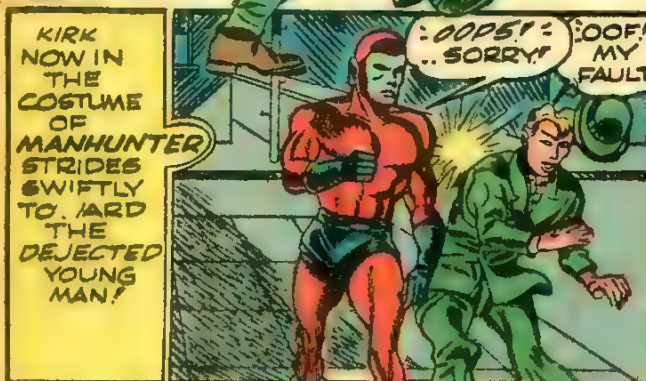
WHEN RUNT OPENS HIS SLIP... HIS EYES POP IN VERY SHOCKING FASHION!



HOLY SMOKE! IT SAYS 'BRING BACK CRUSHER BURNS, PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE!'



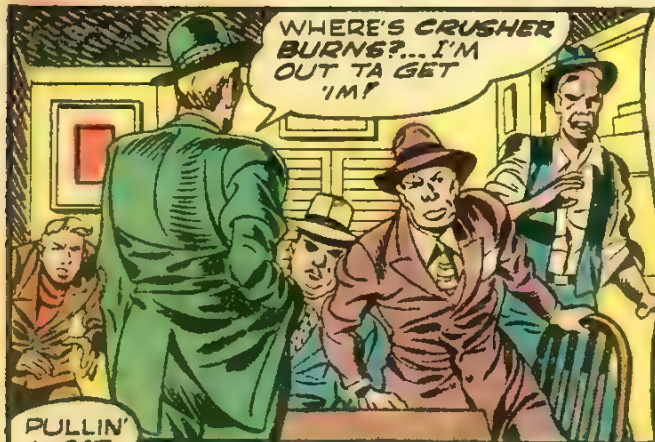
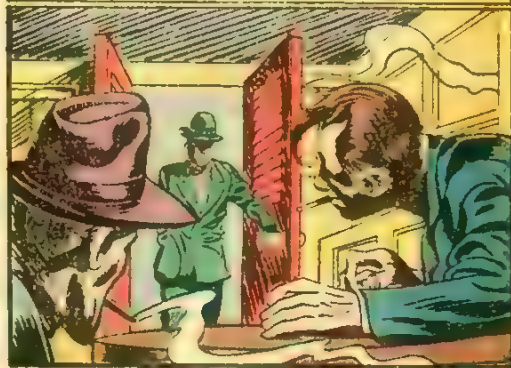
MEANWHILE, PAUL KIRK... KNOWING OF BIG DROOP'S SKULLDUSGERY... DECIDES TO HELP RUNT BAG HIS MAN!



DEEP INTO
THE HEART
OF THE
UNDERWORLD
STEAL THE
STRANGELY
CLAD PAIR..
MANHUNTER
HAS ALREADY
FORMED A
PLAN
AS
THEY NEAR
A
DINGY.
LOOKING
CAFE!

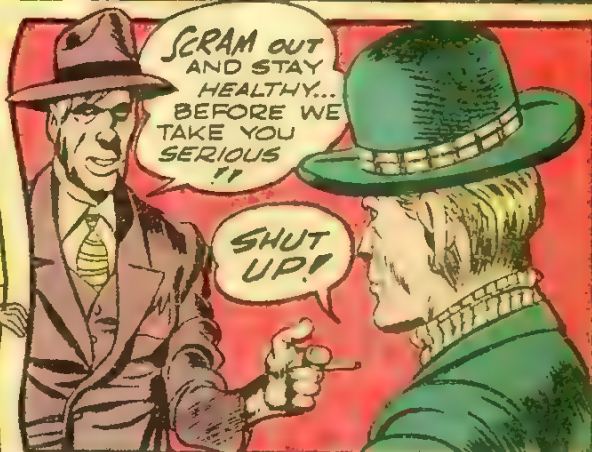


AFTER HURRIED INSTRUCTIONS
FROM MANHUNTER, HIS SHAKING
BUT COURAGEOUS COMPANION
ENTERS THE UNDERWORLD DIVE..



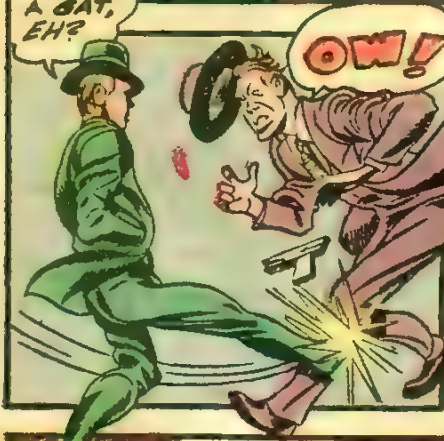
WHERE'S CRUSHER
BURNS?... I'M
OUT TA GET
'IM!

PULLIN'
A BAT,
EH?



SCRAM OUT
AND STAY
HEALTHY...
BEFORE WE
TAKE YOU
SERIOUS
!!

SHUT
UP!



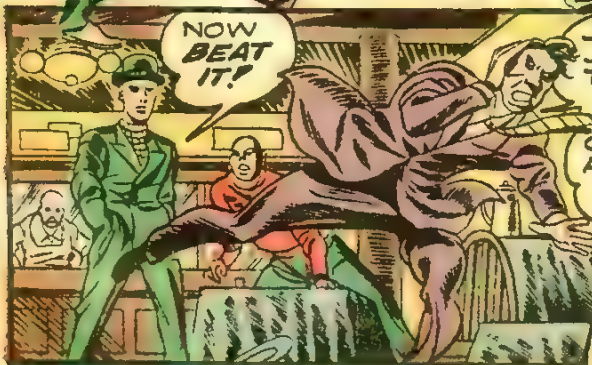
OW!



SOCK!



I'LL TELL YA WHEN
I WANTS YER
SUGGESTIONS!
NOW IF YOU
KNOW WHERE
CRUSHER
BURNS IS TELL
'IM DAISY FACE
DOLAN WANTS
'IM!



NOW
BEAT
IT!

JUMPIN'
JUPITER!
THIS BABY'S
TOUGH!
.. BETTER
CALL MURPHY
AND HIS
MEN!

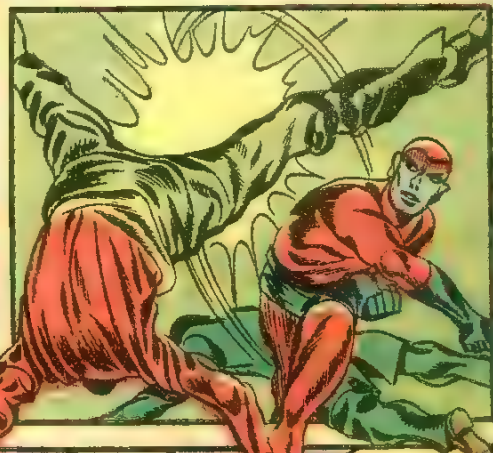
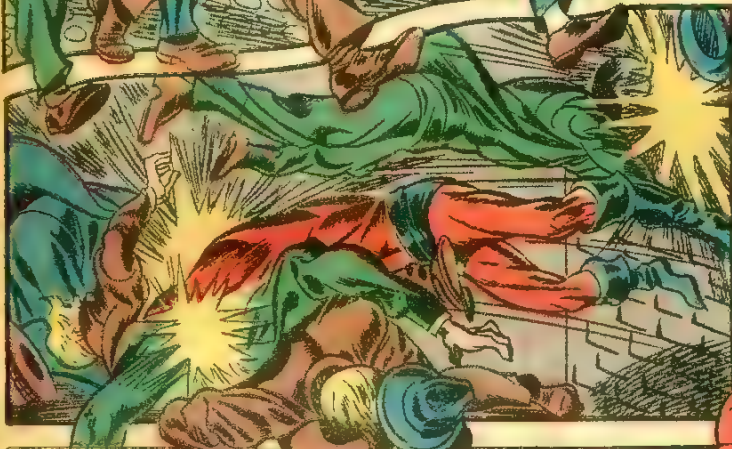
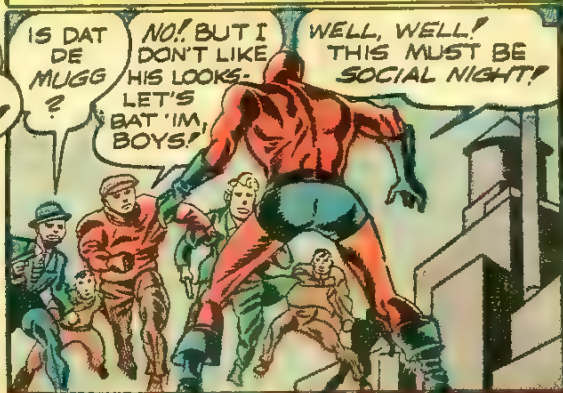


DID I DO AND
SAY ALL THAT?..
WH..WH..WHY..
I.. IT'S A.A.
AMAZING!..
I.. I.. I..

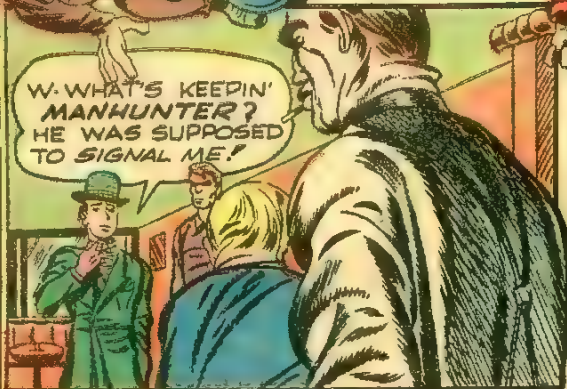
A FEW MINUTES LATER.. THE BEATEN MOBSTER RETURNS WITH A GANG OF TOUGHS!



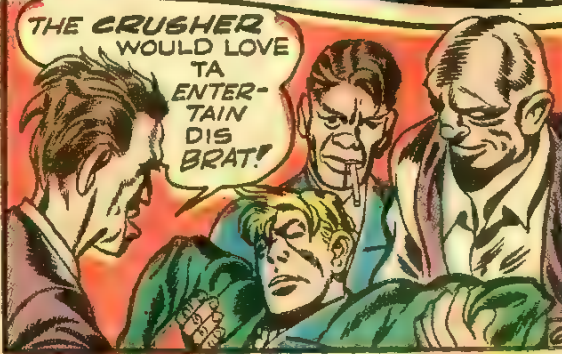
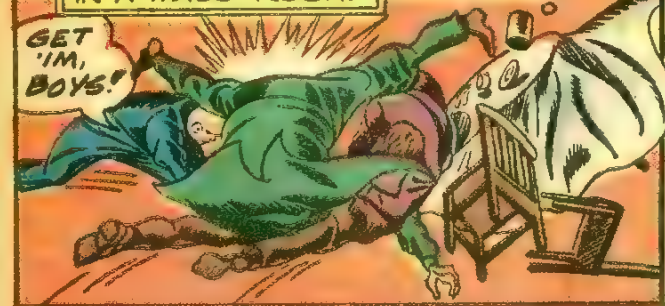
BUT THE EVER VIGILANT MANHUNTER, WAITING OUTSIDE THE CAFÉ, SPIES THE ONCOMING HOODLUMS!



Meanwhile, INSIDE THE CAFÉ, THE OTHER GANGSTERS SLOWLY REALIZE THAT THEIR INTRUDER IS NOT AS TOUGH AS HE APPEARS TO BE!



THE THUGS SWAMP THE RUNT IN A MASS RUSH!





WELL, LOOK AT MURPHY AND HIS BOYS!!! FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES AGAIN.. WHAT A DAFFY MOB!



SO THEY GOT HENRY?... GOOD! MY BAIT IS CAST.. NOW... TO LAND THE SHARK HIMSELF!

MANHUNTER TRAILS THE GROUP. SILENT.. UNSEEN, TRAVELING OVER THE ROOFTOPS WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF AN ANTELOPE... HE REACHES A HUGE APARTMENT HOUSE!

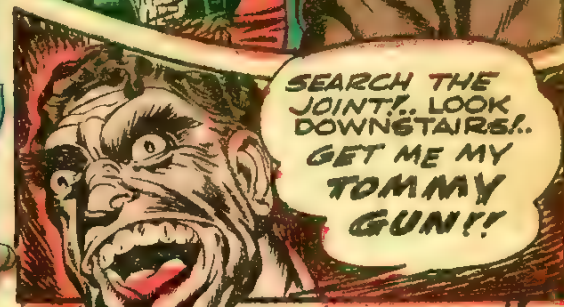
CLIMBING UP THE FACE OF THE BUILDING, THE HUMAN BLOODHOUND FINDS BURNS' ROOM.. IN WHICH A TENSE SCENE IS BEING ENACTED!

THE ELEVATOR WENT TO THE TOP.. THAT MUST BE BURNS' HIDEOUT!

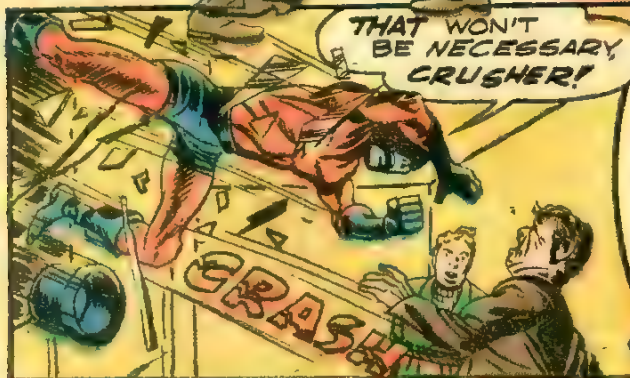
DIS WISEGUY WUZ OUT TA GET YA ALL BY HISSELF, CRUSHER!

YEAH... SO WE BRINGS 'IM HERE SO YOU COULD SLUG 'IM! AIN'T WE SMART?

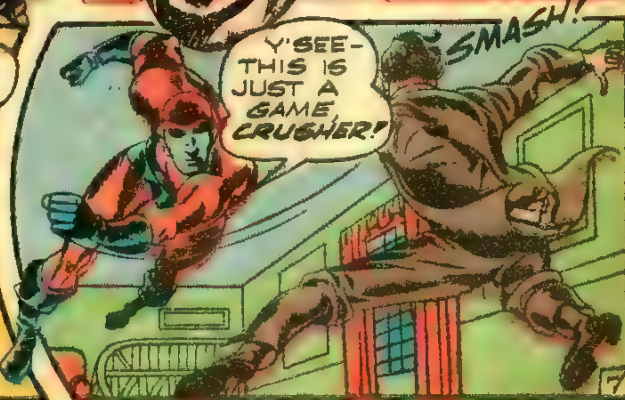
SMART? YA DUMB DODO! CAN'TCHA SEE HE'S A PLANT?.. HE MUST'VE BEEN SHADOWED!



SEARCH THE JOINT?... LOOK DOWNSTAIRS!.. GET ME MY TOMMY GUN!!

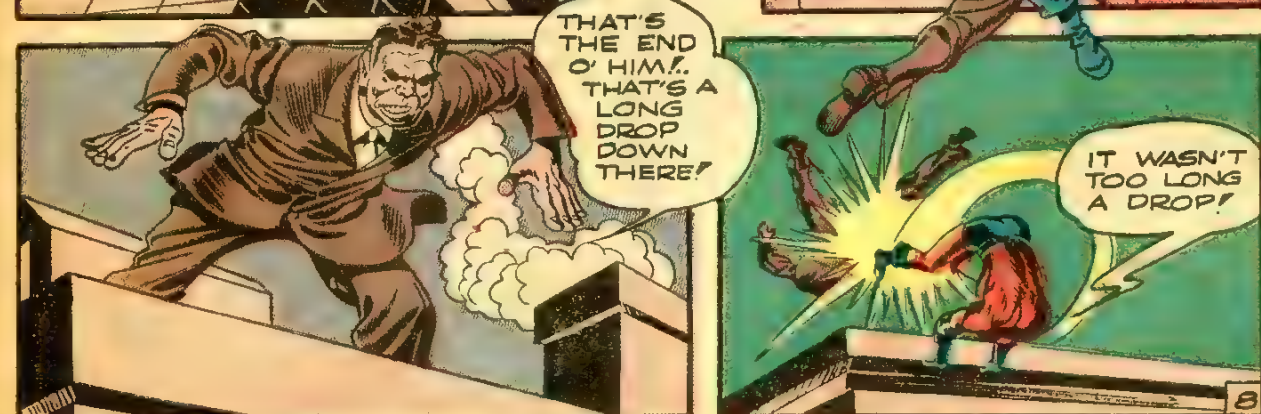
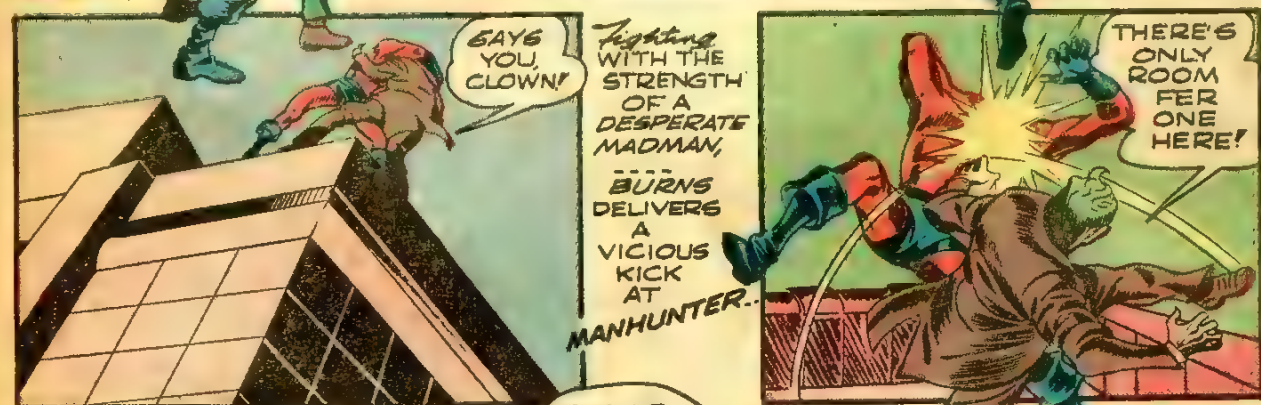
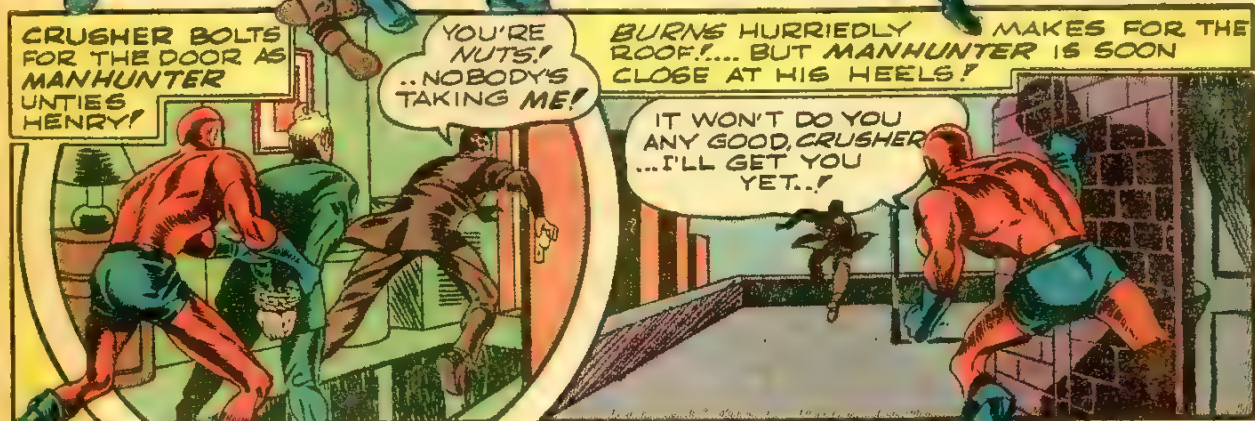
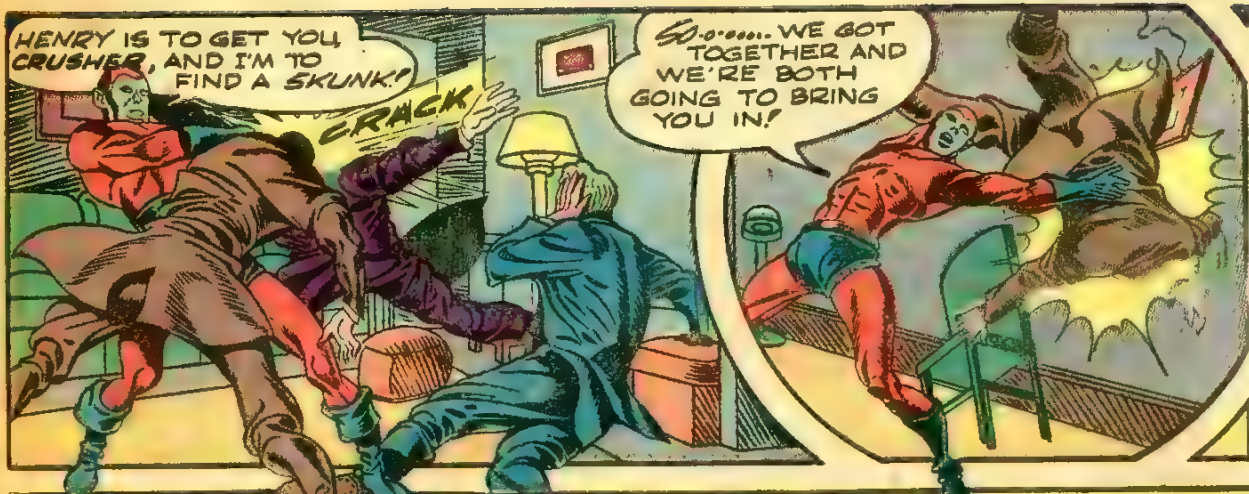


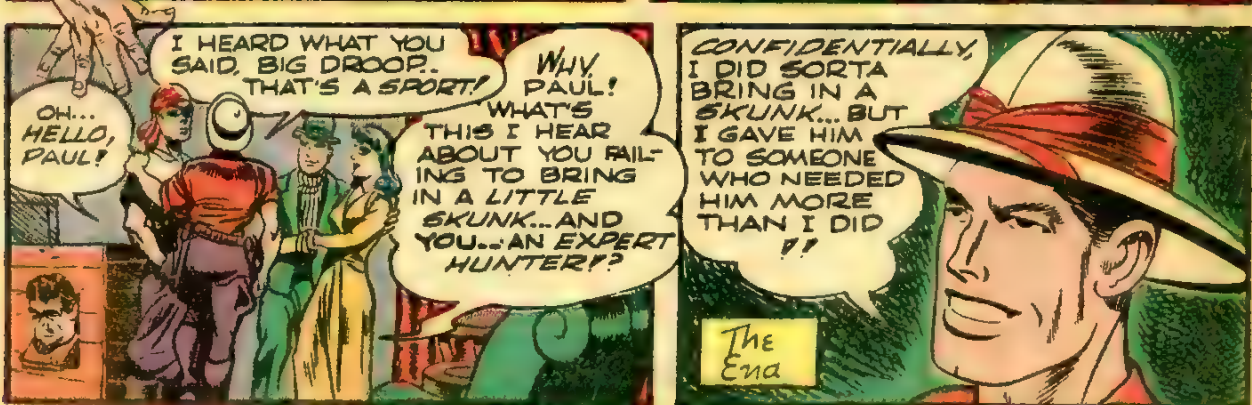
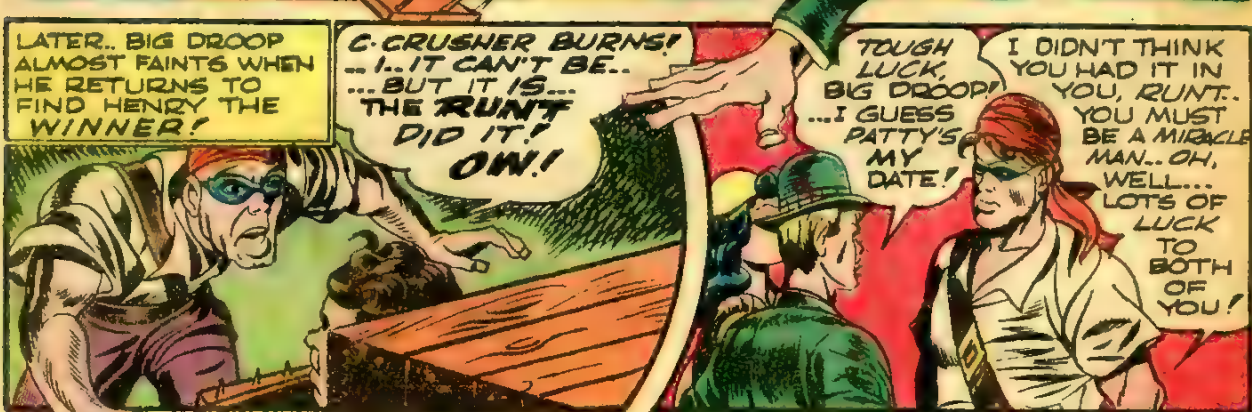
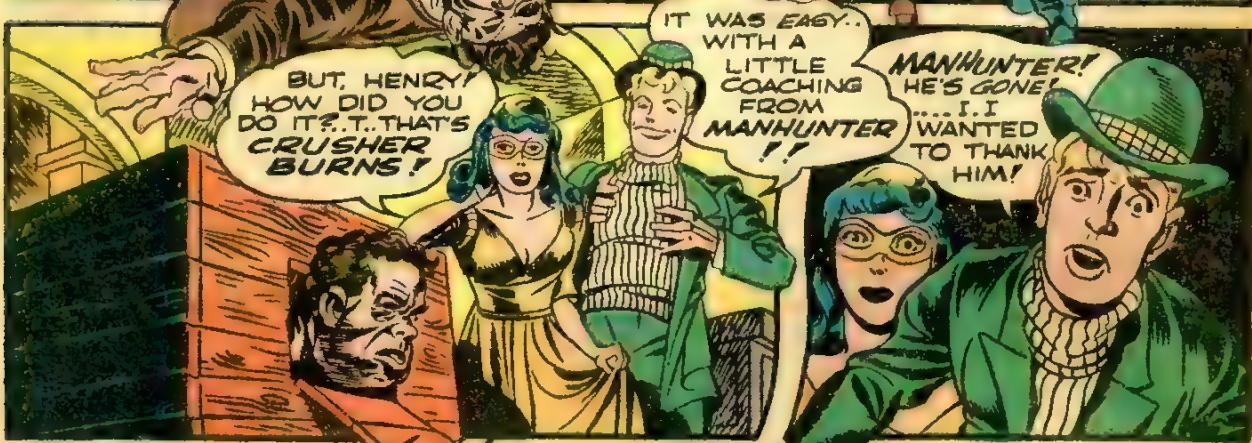
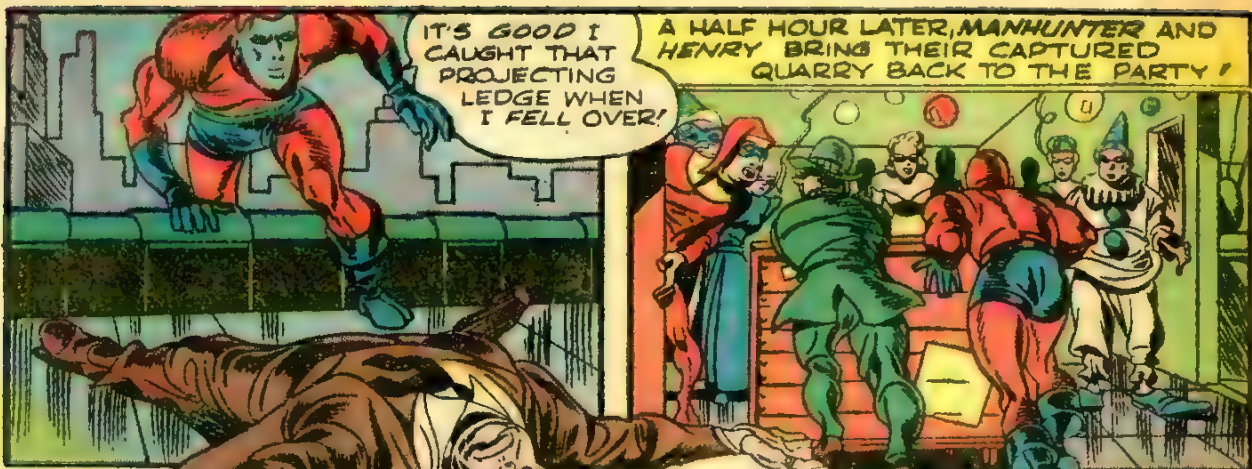
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, CRUSHER!



Y'SEE- THIS IS JUST A GAME, CRUSHER!

SMASH!



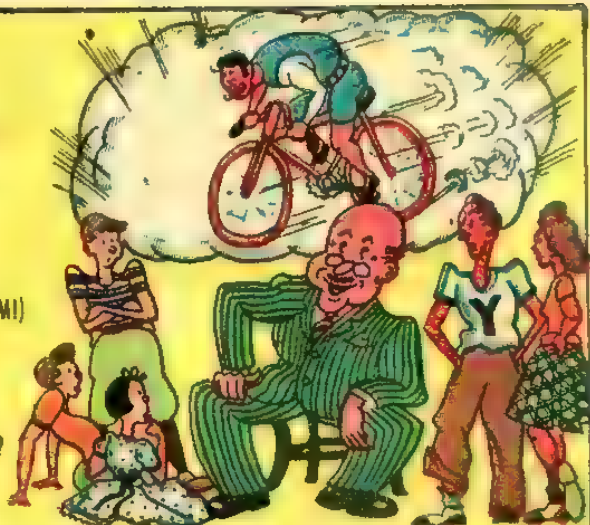


GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

OH THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY, AND THE COAST-GUARD AND MARINES,
THEY DESERVE OUR EVERY SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS!
"SAVE THE RUBBER!" IS THE ORDER FROM OUR GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM,
(IF OUR FOES WERE SMART THEY'D UNDERSTAND AND TAKE IT ON THE LAM!)

★ ★ ★
"WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE," CHUCKLES GRANDPA, "IF THE CAR IS LAID ASIDE?
"THERE'S HEALTH AND FUN FOR EVERYONE IN EVERY CYCLE GLIDE!
"YOUR MA AND PA CAN RIDE A BIKE, AS WELL AS SIS AND BROTHER,
"AND THOUGH IT'S YEARS SINCE I RODE ONE, I THINK I'D LIKE ANOTHER!"

★ ★ ★
"LET'S ALL GO DOWN AND GET OURSELVES SOME BRAND-NEW BIKES TOMORROW!
"BUT, MIND YOU, WHEN YOU PICK YOUR BIKE, BE SURE IT'S GOT A MORROW!
"THAT FAMOUS BRAKE'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO SUIT YOUR DAD AND MOTHER—
"IT'LL STOP SO QUICK, AND COAST SO SLICK, AND OUTSTEP ANY OTHER!"



Famous for over 40 years! Quick stopping,
easy pedaling, long coasting; more ball bear-
ings (31) than any other brake. Your bicycle
dealer can furnish a Morrow Coaster
Brake on any bike—ask for it!



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORP., ELmira, N. Y.

MORROW
COASTER BRAKE



YOUR 5 FAVORITE FEATURES "GO TO TOWN" AGAIN!

HERE'S ISSUE No. 2 OF
LEADING COMICS
---AND IT'S EVEN
MORE TERRIFIC
THAN ISSUE No. 1!

HOW CAN IT HELP BEING
TERRIFIC, WITH
GREEN ARROW,
VIGILANTE,
STAR-SPANGLED
KID, CRIMSON
AVENGER AND
SHINING KNIGHT
ALL IN THE
SAME
BOOK???



ON SALE
MARCH 18TH!



SANDMAN

HOW OFTEN YOU WISHED YOU KNEW THE ANSWER TO A CERTAIN PROBLEM:..... IT WOULD BE IF YOU COULD SOLVE THOSE STICKLERS... NO ONE WAS EVER THAT SMART... AND YET THE HUMAN CALCULATOR TO EVERY QUESTION...

HOW HE TURNS HIS STRANGE GIFT INTO MAKING CRIME PAY DIVIDENDS, HOW HE MEETS WITH THE SANDMAN AND SANDY THE GOLDEN BOY ARE TOLD IN THE TALE OF

"The Man who knew all the Answers"

UNLOCKING THE SECRETS OF THE HUMAN BRAIN

BY
JOE SIMON
AND
JACK KIRBY

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NATIONAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION, A GROUP OF LEARNED MEN LISTEN TO AN ADDRESS BY A PROFESSOR FROM A SMALL ENGINEERING COLLEGE...

ALL THAT I HAVE TOLD YOU IS AN ACCOMPLISHED FACT, GENTLEMEN... TO ME, THE BRAIN IS NO LONGER A MYSTERY... A COMPLEX THING!

MAN USES ONLY ONE QUARTER OF HIS BRAIN TO THINK WITH... MY NEW TREATMENT CAN DEVELOP THE UNUSED BRAIN CELLS AND TRIPLE MAN'S THINKING POWER!

YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS!... ALL OF YOU!

YOUR HAT, SIR!.. PLEASE LEAVE AT ONCE!.. MY COLLEAGUES AND I HAVE MUCH MORE TO DO THAN LISTEN TO THE IDIOTIC BABBLING OF A DAY-DREAMING FAKER!..

MAKING HIS WAY TO HIS GARRET LABORATORY, PROFESSOR HIRAM GAUNT PREPARES TO AVENGE HIS OUTRAGED HONOR AGAINST THE SKEPTICAL SCIENTISTS.

VIBRATIONS! REVITALIZING VIBRATIONS!.. BUILDING... .. DEVELOPING THOUSANDS OF UNUSED BRAIN CELLS!

KNOWLEDGE! VAST KNOWLEDGE! ...I CAN FEEL IT POURING ... INTO MY BRAIN... .. OPENING... UNLOCKING THE NATURAL... AND SUPERNATURAL!

SOMETIME LATER, PROFESSOR HIRAM GAUNT LEAVES HIS ISOLATED, LITTLE LABORATORY...

HELLO, JED!.. GOING TO GET A NEW JOB, EH?

HUH?.. H..HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT?.. I NEVER TOLD A SOUL ABOUT IT!

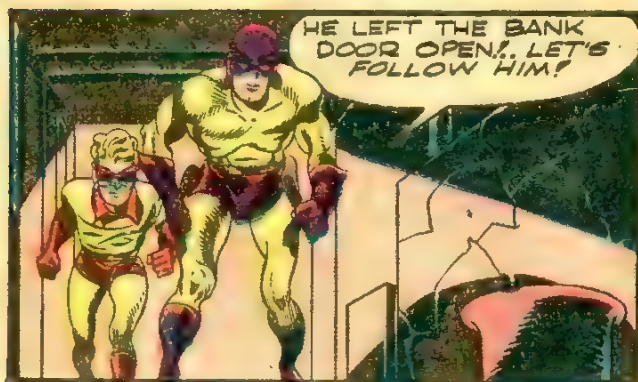
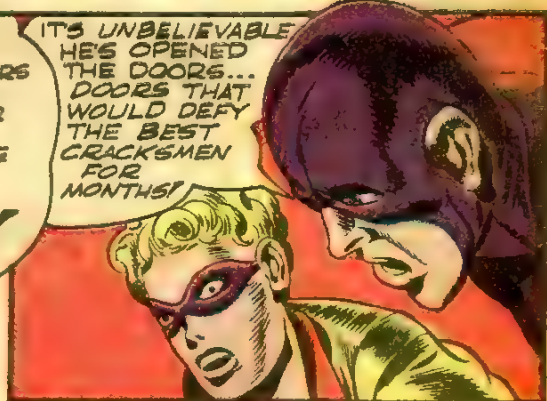
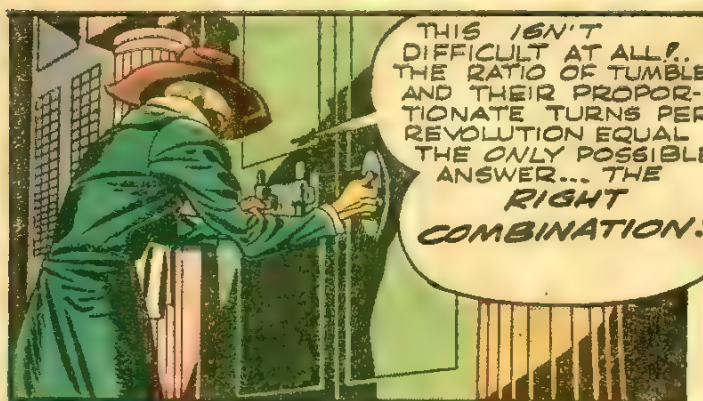
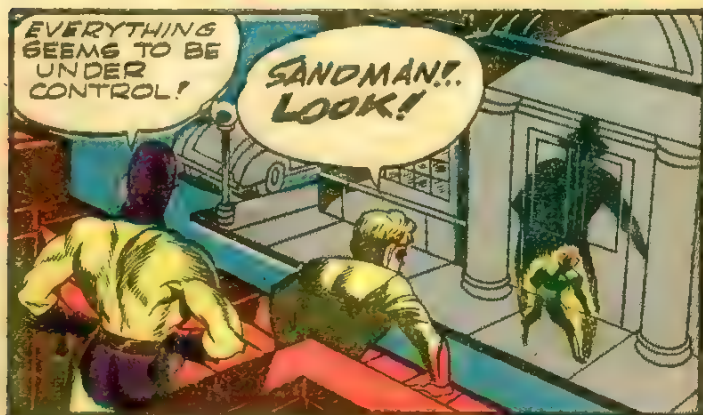
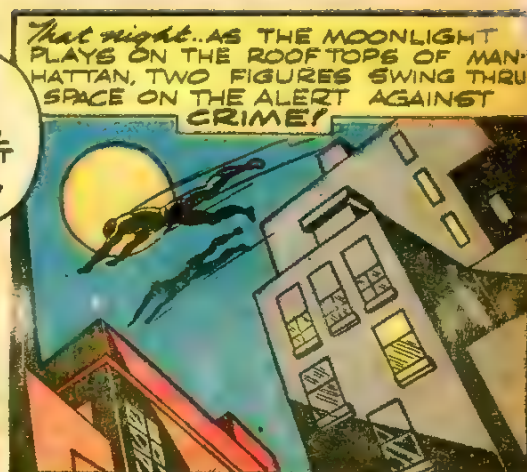
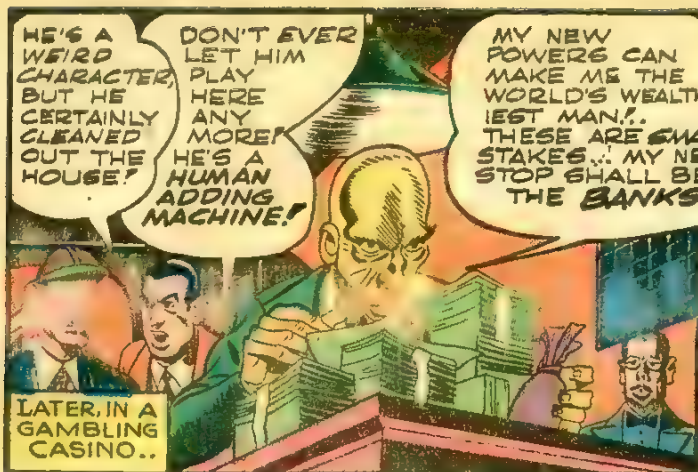
...WHY... I.. IT'S DOWNRIGHT UNCANNY!.. THAT'S WHAT IT IS!

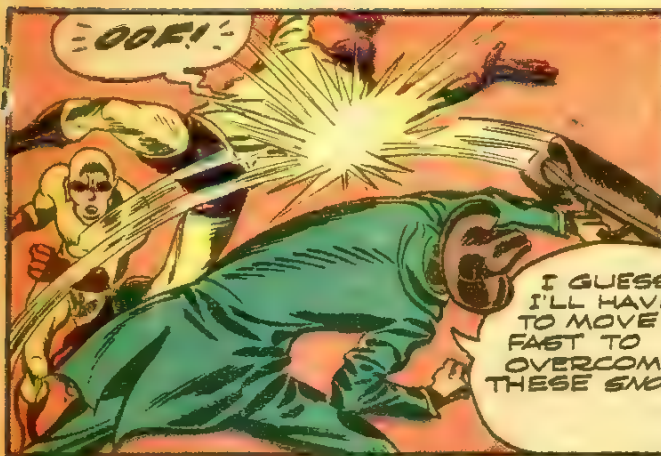
NOW FOR ANOTHER TEST OF MY NEW-FOUND POWERS!

PROFESSOR GAUNT PITS HIS REVITALIZED BRAIN AGAINST THE ABILITIES OF A PROFESSIONAL CHESS-PLAYER!

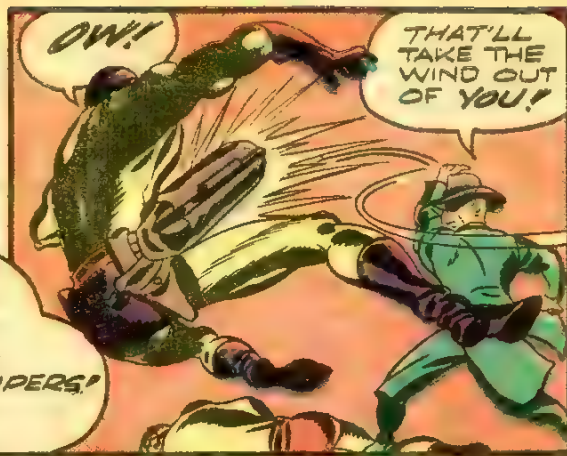
THAT'S THE EIGHTH GAME YOU'VE WON!.. IF YOU'RE NOT THE WORLD'S CHAMP I DON'T KNOW WHO IS!

Beat OUR CHESS CHAMPION and WIN \$5.00

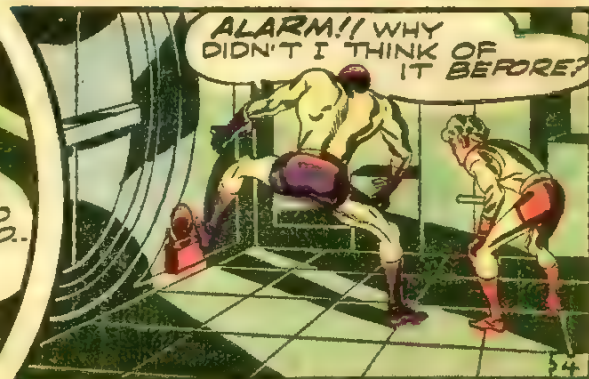
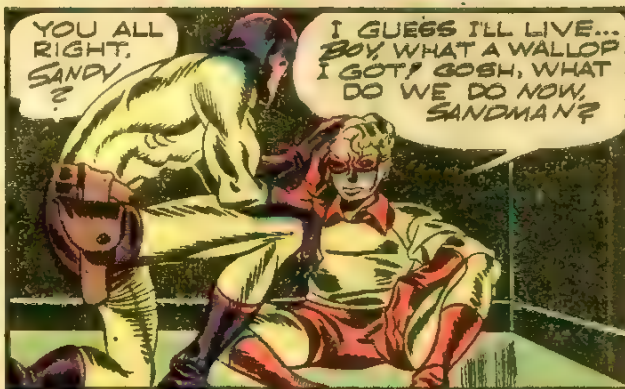
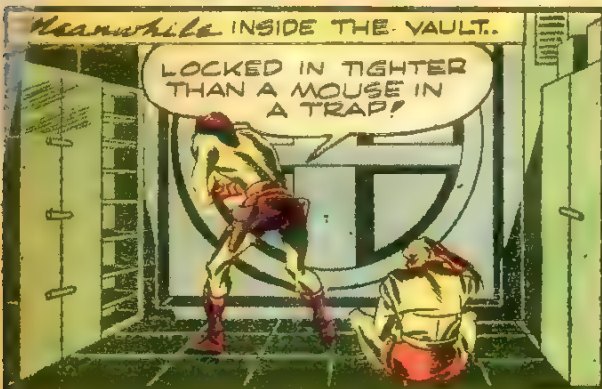
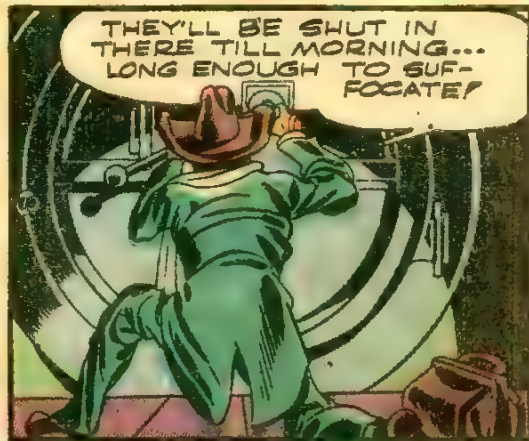
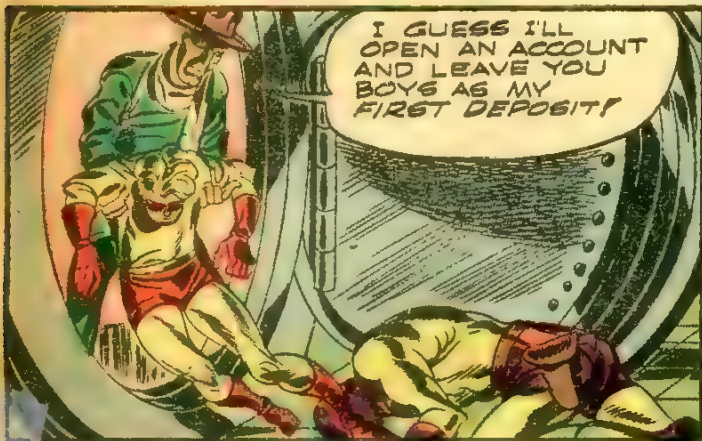




I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST TO OVERCOME THESE SNOOPERS!

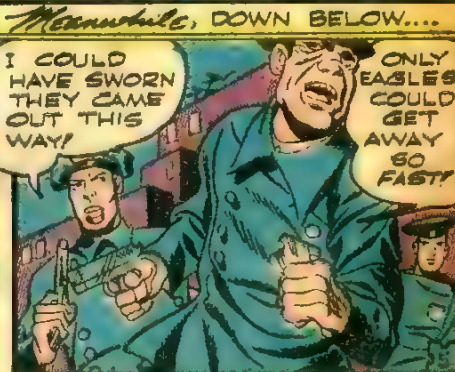
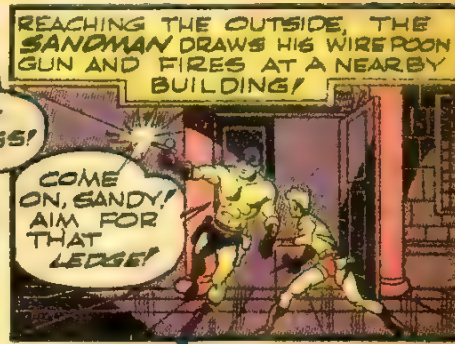
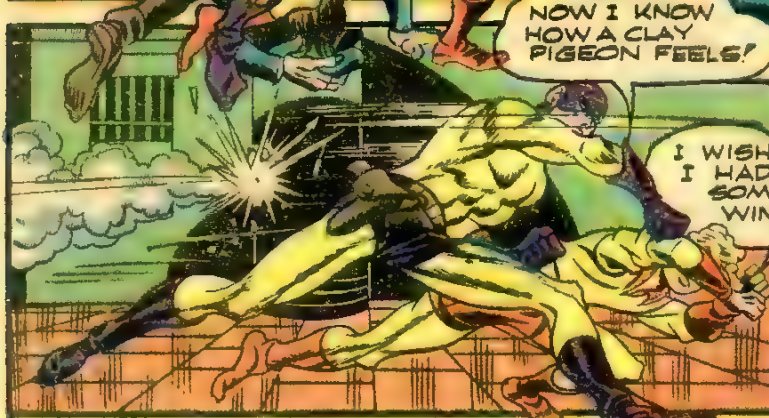
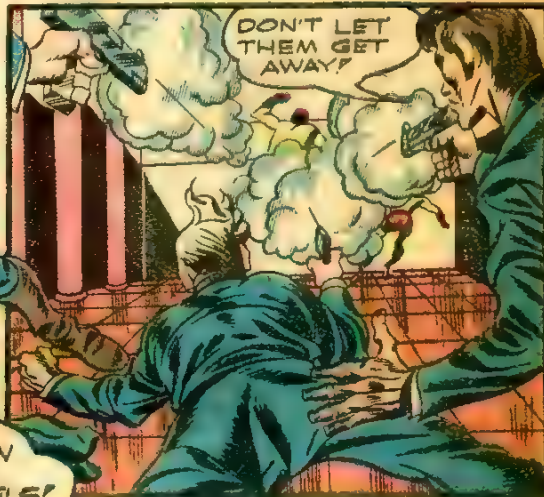
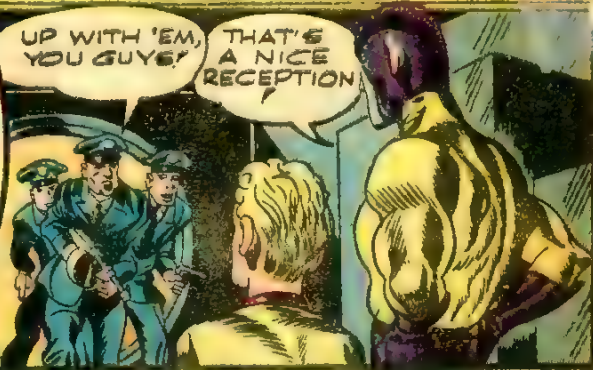
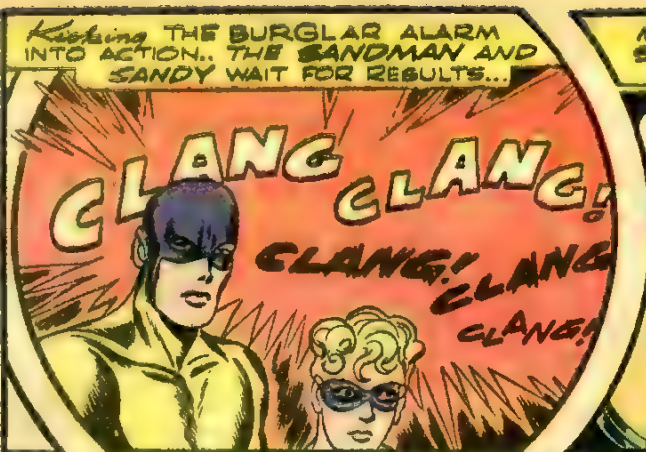


THAT'LL TAKE THE WIND OUT OF YOU!



Keeping THE BURGLAR ALARM INTO ACTION... THE SANDMAN AND SANDY WAIT FOR RESULTS...

MINUTES LATER, THE GREAT VAULT DOOR SWINGS OPEN TO ADMIT A GROUP OF ARMED POLICE!



The Next Morning, Wes Dodds and Young Sandy read the newspapers...

HERE'S AN ACCOUNT OF THE BANK AFFAIR. THOSE LOCKS WERE THE BEST MADE! IT WASN'T POSSIBLE TO OPEN THEM AS FAST AS THAT MAN DID!

THAT GUY MUST BE A MATHEMATICAL WIZARD TO SOLVE THE COMBINATION OF THAT INTRICATE LOCK IN SUCH QUICK TIME!

EXACTLY, SANDY. HE MUST BE A GENIUS... AND THAT BANK JOB WAS A MASTERPIECE! IT SHOULD MAKE HIM VERY COCKY... THAT'S WHY WE'LL TRAP HIM!

BUT WE HAVE TO FIND HIM TO TRAP HIM!

I'VE GOT A LEAD ON THAT NOW! ...LOOK HERE, SANDY!

READ THIS ITEM... A PROFESSIONAL CHAMPION CHESS PLAYER LOSES EIGHT GAMES IN A ROW IN AS MANY MINUTES TO A TALL, THIN STRANGER WHO CALMLY LEAVES THE CHESS VETERAN GASPING!

NOW THAT'S QUITE AN ACCOMPLISHMENT... AND I THINK THAT'S OUR MAN! COME ON, KID! I'VE GOT A PLAN...

OKAY WES! I'M READY FOR ACTION!

IN THE MEANTIME, THE EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD HAVE ALSO NOTICED THE NEWSPAPERS!

WELL... LOOKIT DIS! BOY!.. WHAT A NIFTY JOB! HEY, BOSS!..

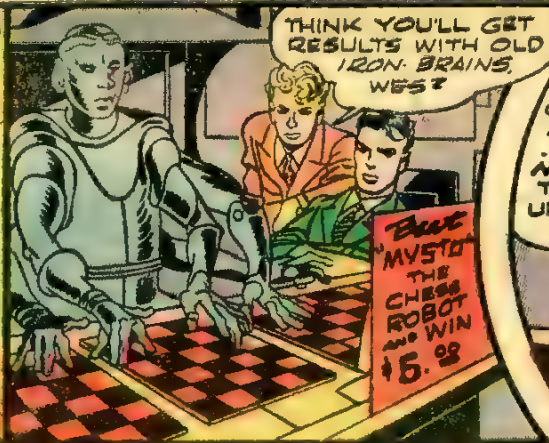
SOME MUG ROBBED THE NATIONAL BANK! HE WALKS THROUGH A MESS O' STEEL VAULTS AND MAKES A CLEAN GET-AWAY WIT' A FORTUNE!

SOUNDS LIKE A SMART EGG!

AN' HERE'S A GUY WOT WINS AT ROULETTE ALL THE TIME! HE NEVER MISSES!

SOUNDS LIKE THE GAME BIRD! GO OUT AND FIND HIM.. I CAN USE THAT BABY!

WE'VE DODGED, MEANWHILE, HAS RENTED THE CHESS CONCESSION AND HAS INSTALLED A CHESS-PLAYING ROBOT WHICH HE PURCHASED FROM AN OLD MUSEUM!

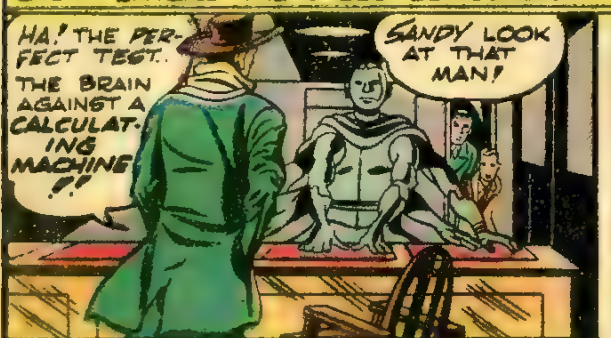


THINK YOU'LL GET RESULTS WITH OLD IRON-BRAINS, WE'VE?

WE'VE BEEN HERE A COUPLE OF DAYS NOW AND I'VE INSERTED ADS BOASTING ABOUT OUR MECHANICAL EINSTEIN... BUT NOBODY'S TURNED UP YET!



TWO DAYS LATER, WHEN WYB BEGINS TO THINK HIS PLAN HAS FAILED, PROFESSOR GAUNT ENTERS THE CHESS CONCESSION...

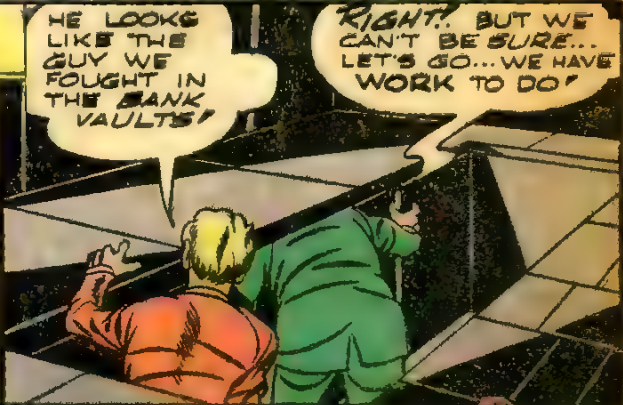


HA! THE PERFECT TEST... THE BRAIN AGAINST A CALCULATING MACHINE!!

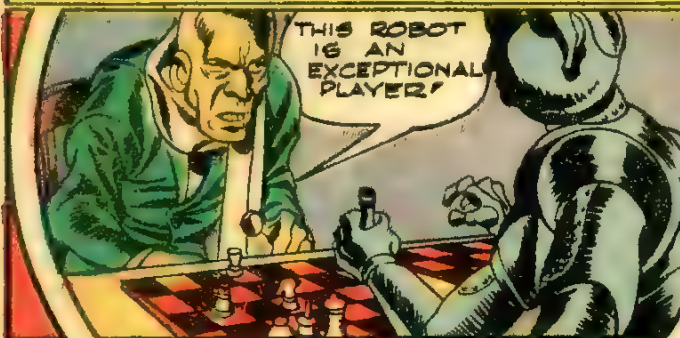
SANDY LOOK AT THAT MAN!

HE LOOKS LIKE THE GUY WE FOUGHT IN THE BANK VAULTS!

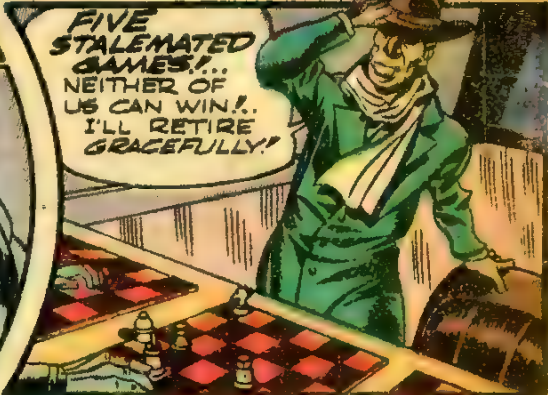
RIGHT? BUT WE CAN'T BE SURE... LET'S GO... WE HAVE WORK TO DO!



GAUNT ENGAGES THE WONDROUS ROBOT IN THE MOST AMAZING CHESS GAME IN HISTORY...

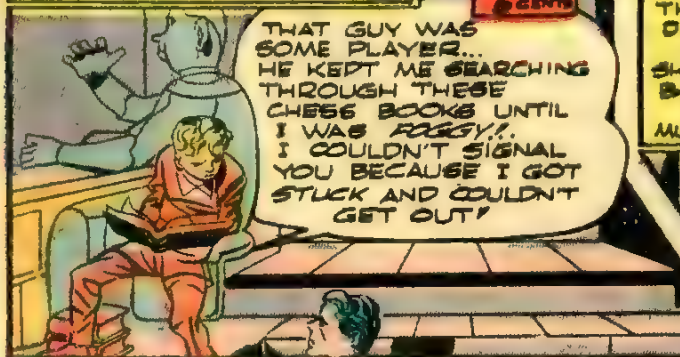


THIS ROBOT IS AN EXCEPTIONAL PLAYER!



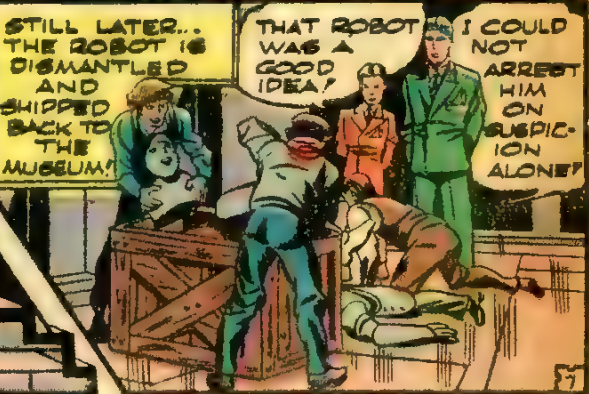
FIVE STALEMATED GAMES!... NEITHER OF US CAN WIN!... I'LL RETIRE GRACEFULLY!

WHILE GAUNT LEAVES...



THAT GUY WAS SOME PLAYER... HE KEPT ME SEARCHING THROUGH THESE CHESS BOOKS UNTIL I WAS FORGGY!... I COULDN'T SIGNAL YOU BECAUSE I GOT STUCK AND COULDN'T GET OUT!

STILL LATER... THE ROBOT IS DISMANTLED AND SHIPPED BACK TO THE MUSEUM!



THAT ROBOT WAS A GOOD IDEA!

I COULD NOT ARREST HIM ON SUSPICION ALONE!

WES AND SANDY TRAIL PROFESSOR GAUNT TO A ROADSIDE GAMBLING CASINO...

INSIDE THE ROADHOUSE, GAUNT IS SPOTTED BY TWO OTHER INDIVIDUALS

HE'S COME TO THE SAME PLACE THE PAPER REPORTED HE BROKE... THAT IS, IF HE'S THE RIGHT MAN!

THERE HE IS, HUNKY, EASY... THAT'S THE BIRD WHO BROKE US! I'M GONNA PROPOSITION HIM!

BEEN PULLIN' SOME NEAT JOBS AROUND TOWN, DOC?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

DON'T GIMME THAT! MY BOSS GOT A HOT DEAL FER YA, LET'S TALK ABOUT IT IN SOME QUIET SPOT!

HMM... WE MIGHT...

HELLO, PROFESSOR... YOU SEER I GOT MY NEW JOB... YOU WERE RIGHT!

ER... HELLO!

Meanwhile, WES AND SANDY HAVE BEEN WATCHING GAUNT'S EVERY MOVE!

SANDY! THAT OLD MAN KNOWS HIM!

LET'S FIND OUT WHO HE IS

...WHO WAS THAT ALL, THIN IN WHO ST WENT OLD-MAN?

WHY, THAT WAS PROFESSOR GAUNT! HE CAN READ YOUR MIND LIKE A BOOK! HE WROTE SOME STUFF ON IMPROVIN' THE BRAIN BY VIBRATIONS!

Suddenly... WES AND SANDY FIND THEMSELVES AT THE MERCY OF HUNKY'S POSTED HENCHMEN!

SCRAM, PORTER! YOU TWO NOSEYS COME WITH US!

WE'S AND SANDY ARE HERDED INTO AN INNER OFFICE..

ALLRIGHT, SNOOPER, WHY ARE YOU SO INTERESTED IN THE PROFF?

WE READ OF HIS WINNING WAYS IN THE PAPER... WE THOUGHT WE COULD HELP CASH IN ON HIS TALENT!

Unaware that his captives are the SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD, THE GANG LEADER HAS THEM EJECTED!

AND DON'T COME BACK!

Rounding a darkened corner behind the casino, we's and sandy make a lightning change in costume!

NOW WE KNOW THAT GAUNT IS THE ROBBER!

TIME TO RIDE EH SANDMAN?

THE NEXT MOMENT, TWO HUMAN BULLETS HURLE THROUGH THE GANGSTER'S WINDOW!

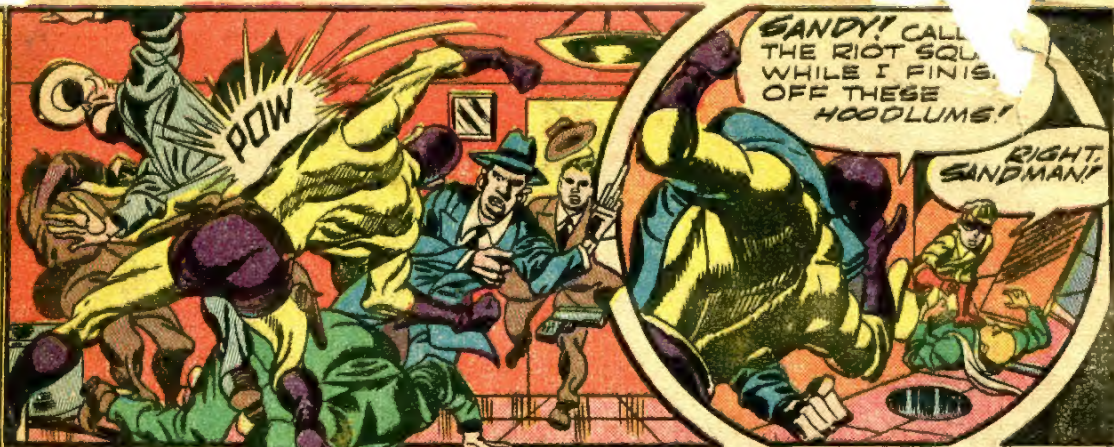
...IT'S THE MAN WHO ALMOST GOT ME LAST NIGHT!

IT'S ABOUT TIME WE WERE INTRODUCED FORMALLY!

YOU CAN CHARGE THIS TO THE SANDMAN AND THE GOLDEN BOY!

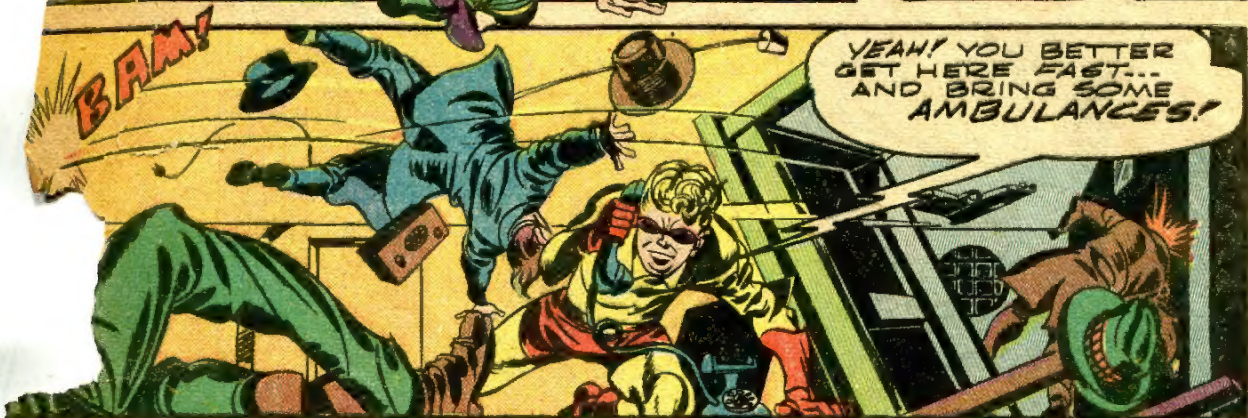
Meanwhile, the gang chief fee the might of two-fisted justice

CRACK!



SANDY! CALL THE RIOT SQUAD WHILE I FINISH OFF THESE HOODLUMS!

RIGHT, SANDMAN!



YEAH! YOU BETTER GET HERE FAST... AND BRING SOME AMBULANCES!

Minutes Later, THE POLICE RIOT SQUAD ARRIVES!

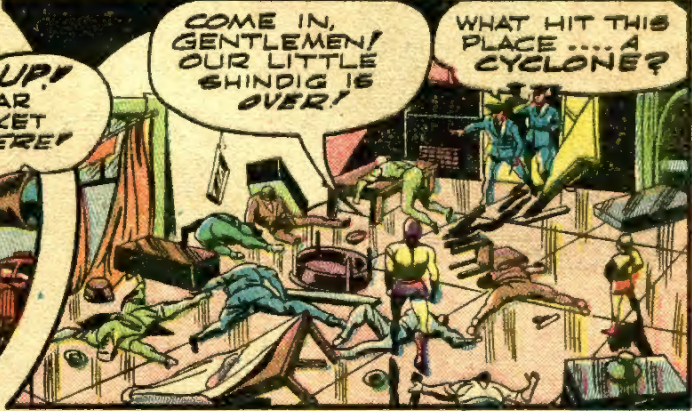
COME ON, BOYS! BRING THOSE TEAR GAS BOMBS!



HURRY UP! I CAN HEAR THE RACKET FROM HERE!

COME IN, GENTLEMEN! OUR LITTLE SHINDIG IS OVER!

WHAT HIT THIS PLACE... A CYCLONE?



BALDY OVER THERE IS YOUR BANK ROBBER. KEEP AN EYE ON HIM OR HE'LL WALK OUT ON YOU!.. SO LONG!

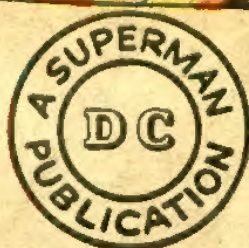
LATER, PROFESSOR GAUNT IS TAKEN INTO CUSTODY..

SO YOU'RE THE GUY WHO CAN ANSWER ANY PROBLEM, EH?

NO, I'M NOT, OFFICER. I'VE STILL THE PROBLEM OF HOW TO ESCAPE THE SANDMAN !!

THEY GOT AWAY AGAIN!





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